BRITANNIA and

Eve

NOVEMBER, 1956

TWO SHILLINGS

MORE TO READ

Make a meal that's a treat with
Norbert Dietch's exclusive recipe for

Haddock Monte Carlo

Ingredients: Two smoked haddock approximately 1 lb. each; 3 eggs; 2 medium onions; 3 tomatoes; 1 oz. butter; ½ pt. cream; teaspoonful tomato purée; salt and pepper to taste.
Method: Steam haddock for 10–12 minutes. For the sauce: Chop onions and fry in butter until golden brown. Add the chopped and peeled tomatoes with tomato purée and cook slowly for 5–10 minutes. Add cream and boil down to smooth consistency. Season to taste.
Poach the eggs, place on top of strained haddock and cover with sauce. Garnish with sliced tomato and parsley.

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NOVEMBER 1956

VOL. 53 NO. 5

INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

CONTENTS

EVE Special Inquiry—

Stop These Senseless Deaths! 36

Stories—

The Floods Of Fear (Part III) 66
by John and Ward Hawkins

A House Like That 14
by E. G. Bridson

True To Life 40
by Barbara Barry

People—

The Barefoot Ambassadress 9
by Trevor Allen

Innocent At The Windmill 22
by Suzanne Howard

Places—

Herm, The Children's Island 16
by Max Robertson

Follow The Winter Sunshine 58

Features—

Mama Does Know Best 12

How I Envy These Smooth Hostesses! 20
by Phoebe Winch

Chaplin's Secret Film 34

Low Down On Hi-Fi 45
by Simon Harcourt Smith

Lord Beaverbrook 57

Homemaking—

Mrs. America's Kitchen 10

The Story Of A Cottage 24
by Anne Grey

Chairs Are Changing 28
by John Frayn Turner

Beauty—

Let's Look At The Beauty Business 46

Knitting—

Happy Snow Jumpers 27

Fashion—

Dancetime Theme 30
Edited by Anne de Courcy

EVE Pattern Service 64

Gardening—

A Garden For Your Kitchen 78

Food—

Ice-cream 42

EVE Good Food Club 62

Money Saver—

A Shirt To Make 38

SPECIAL FEATURE

Report From The EVE Panel 49

INSIDE INFORMATION

Anne de Courcy (page 30) is likely to be found, surrounded by a mound of beautiful clothes, mumbling: "Is it B. & W.?" The phrase sums up her belief that all the things in her highly successful fashion pages should be BUYABLE AND WEARABLE —IN BRITAIN. Anne is twenty-eight, lives in a mews flat off Eaton-square (the U-part), has an enviable retinue of admirers (including a smooth Spanish psychiatrist and a slightly cynical newspaperman), spends gumbooted, duffel-coated weekends with Mama in the Cotswolds.

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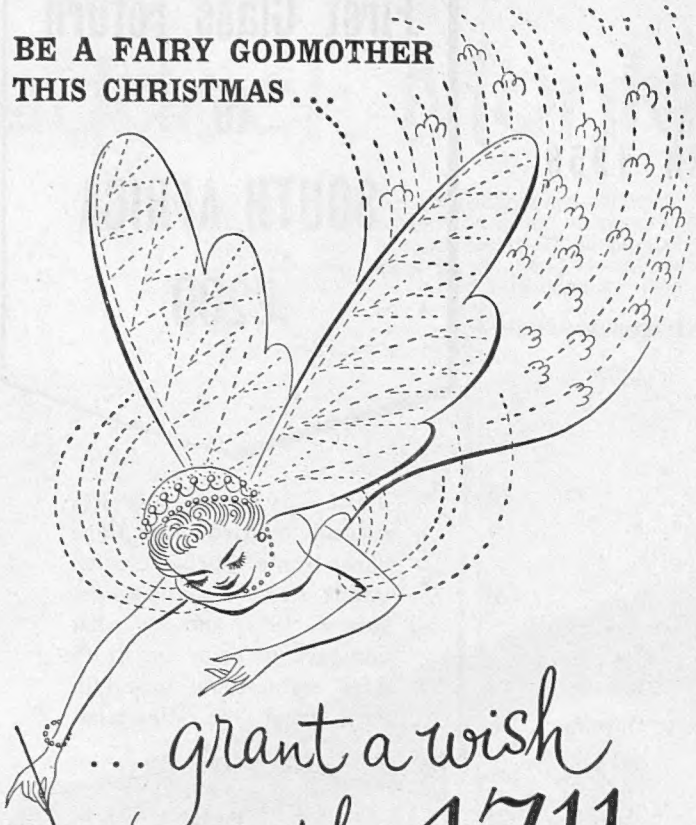

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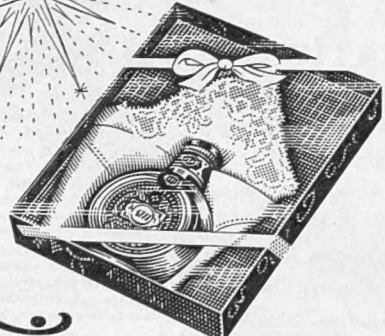

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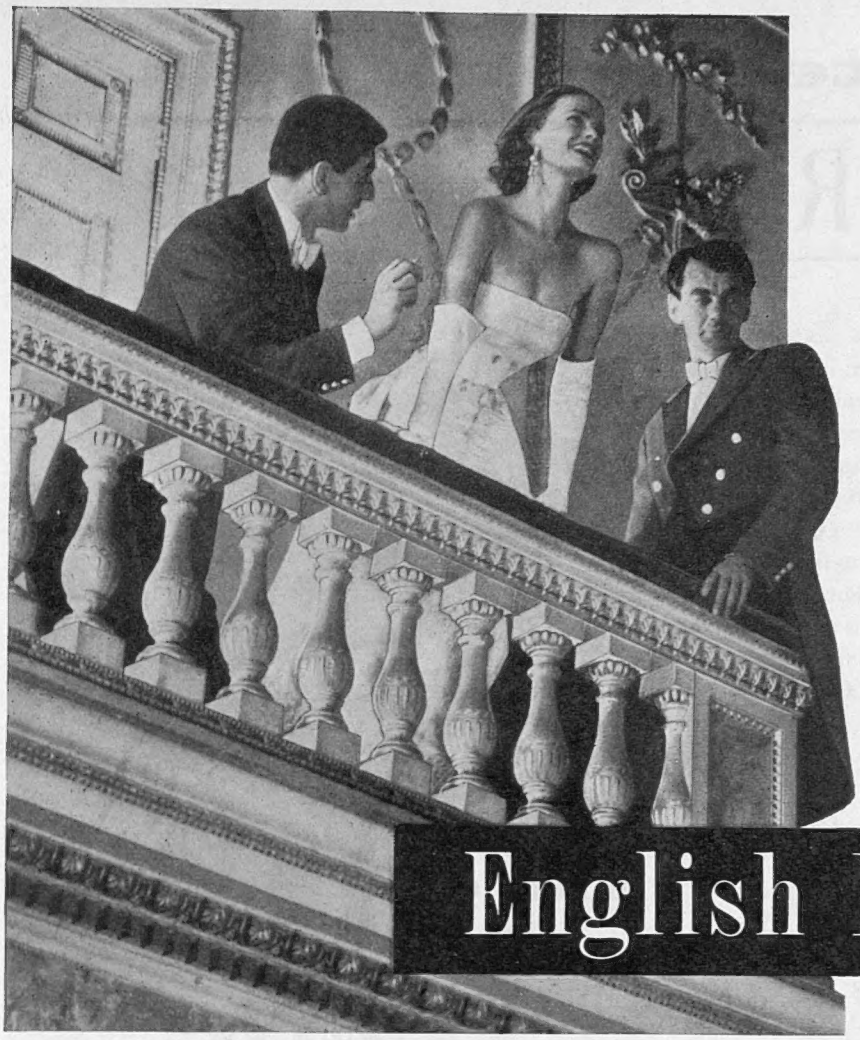

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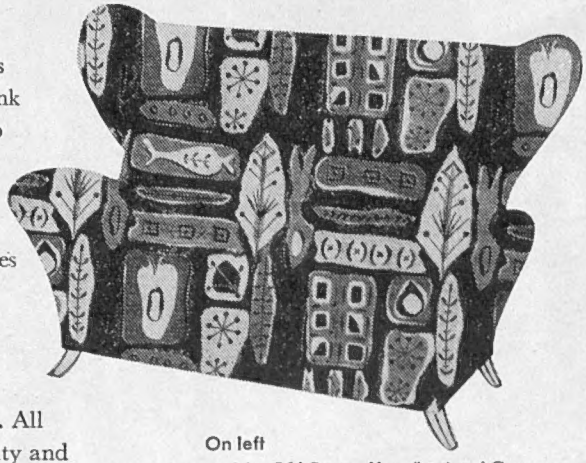

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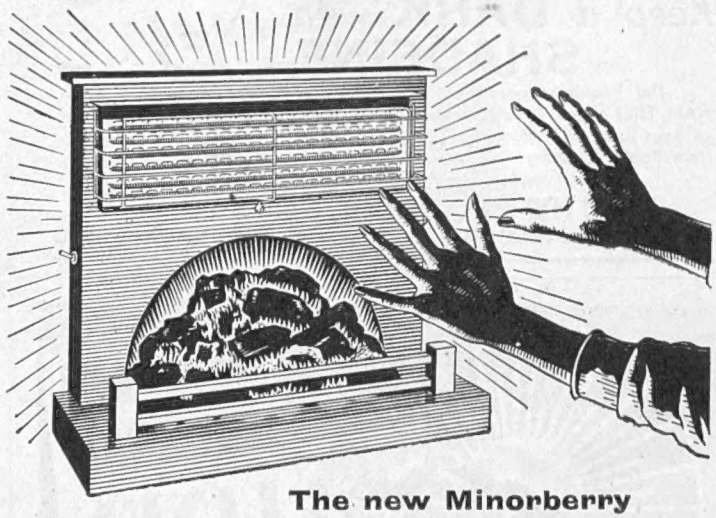

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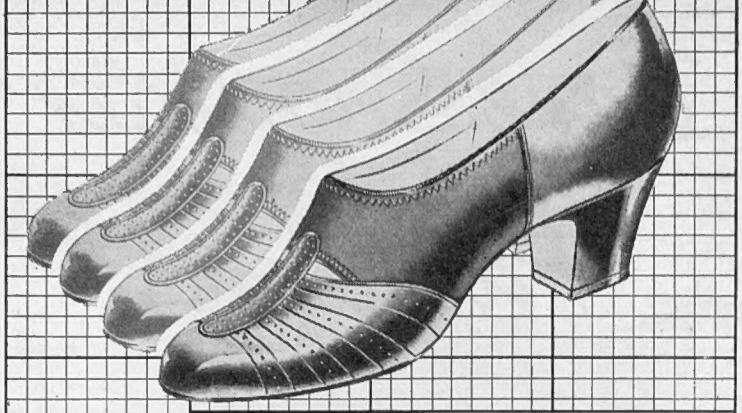

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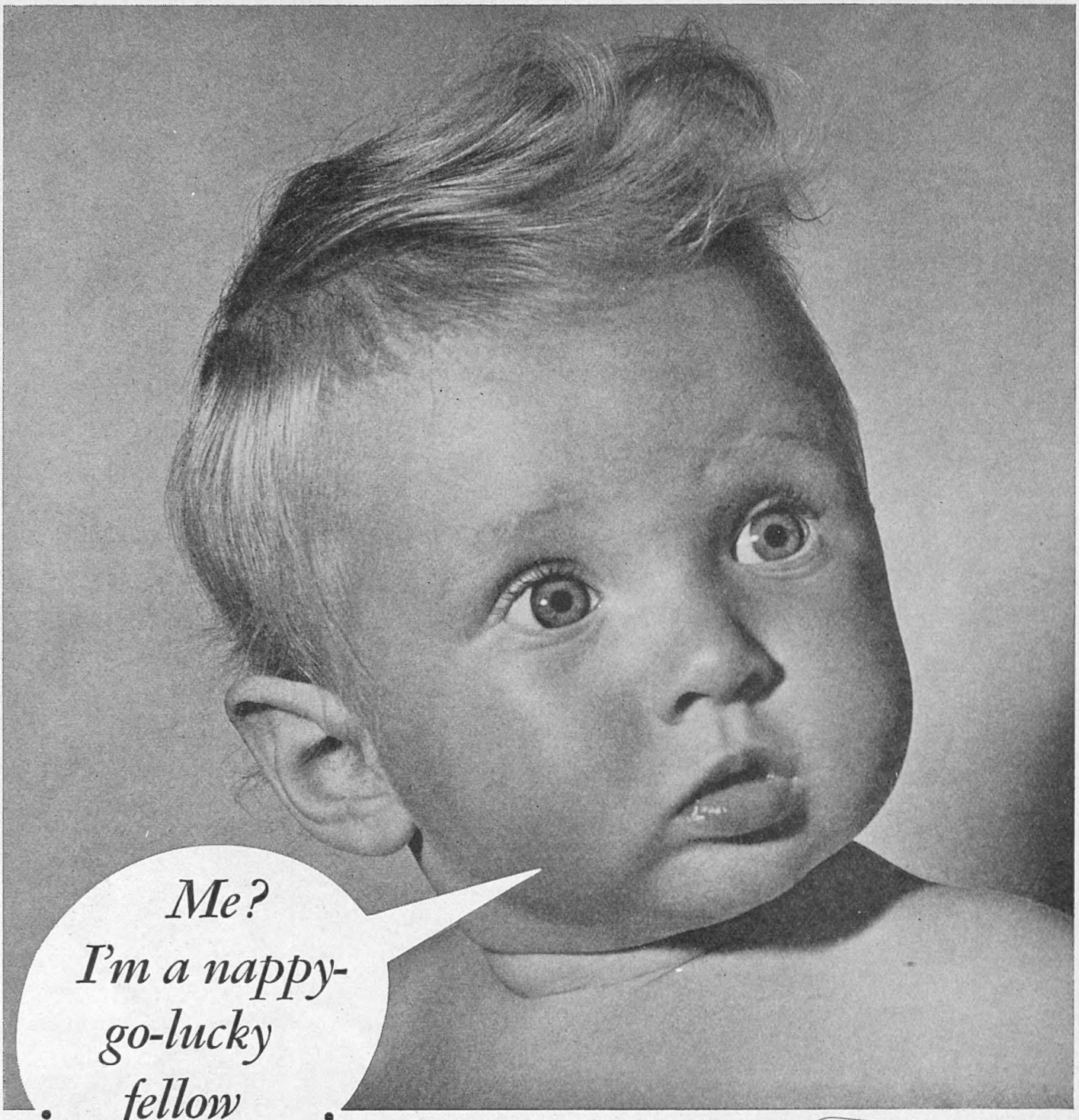
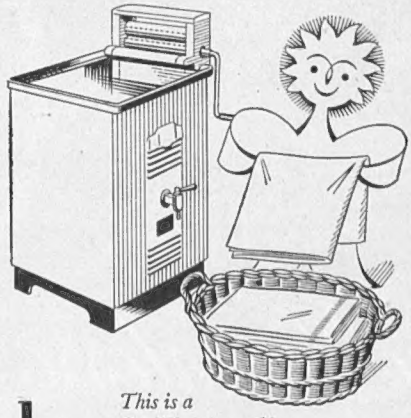


And any fellow who lives in a home blessed with a Gas-heated washing machine is lucky—not only with nappies. The whole wash is cleaner, brighter and quicker done, so that Mother has more time to spare for the really important member of the family. Gas-heated washing machines, operated electrically or by hand, are simple, efficient and economical to use, cost very little to run, and can be bought on easy terms. Come and see the big choice at your Gas showrooms.



This is a Gas/Electric washing machine—the last word in efficiency. See it, and others, at the Gas showrooms.

Mr THERM—mother's daily help

THE GAS INDUSTRY MAKES THE BEST USE OF THE NATION'S COAL *Issued by the Gas Council*

THE BAREFOOT AMBASSADRESS

Three chance meetings shaped a life-story stranger than fiction

- *Husband No. 1 was New York's richest bachelor. "I don't want to marry," she sobbed before the wedding*
- *Husband No. 2 annoyed her at a party. "I'll fix him if we meet again," she swore. The next time he proposed*

Success—Clare and boss at the White House

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE, America's fabulous woman Ambassador, was launched on a stage career by her mother. "I played a little girl who was tied up in a chair most of the time," she recalls. "I was gagged. Perhaps that influenced my later character. . . ."

She was born in 1903 in a dismal New York apartment house. "My father," she once said, "owned the first Coca-Cola bottling plant in the South. He sold it to buy a piano factory just as the talking machine was perfected."

He deserted the family when she was ten and her brother David eleven. Their mother struggled on, but it was not until she remarried years later that Clare was able to go to a good school.

A school friend said of her: "When the rest of us were reading Elinor Glyn, she would be deep in Racine. While she brushed her long, shining hair, she 'd read Gibbon; and while she soaked in the tub she 'd have Plato propped on the taps.

"But she was no goody-goody. If anybody annoyed her, she had a tongue like a black snake whip."

CLARE was given an introduction to Mary Pickford and understudied her in one role. But she soon realised she was not cut out to be an actress. She ran away from home and took a job folding coloured paper all day for 18 dollars(then £3 15s.) a week, and lived in a cheap boarding house.

Financial worries ended when Clare's mother met Dr. Albert Austin, who operated on her for appendicitis and fell madly in love.

After their marriage, they took Clare with them on a European tour.

Then came one of the three fateful meetings which shaped her life.

In a candid biography,* Alden Hatch recalls that on the voyage she met German producer Max Reinhardt, who talked of his plans for a spectacular religious play, *The Miracle.*

"I am going to America to find a young woman to play the part of The Nun. But I could turn back, for I have already found her," he said.

Clare could hardly believe her ears. It was a wonderful, wordless part—the one that made Lady Diana Cooper's beauty famous in the London production. In the hurried dockside farewells she forgot to give him her address, but his agent, Dr. Kommer, located her in New York, invited her to glamorous dinners with stars like Jane Cowl, the Barrymores, Otis Skinner, and producers like David Belasco. A wonderful world opened up.

CASUAL meeting number two cut across that. She had come to know Fifth Avenue hostess Mrs. Belmont, who engaged her as secretary at the Women's Party H.Q. Mrs. Belmont's friends, the blue-blooded Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart Cushman, took a great fancy to Clare and invited her to hear Dr. Fosdick preach at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Just as the service began a handsome older man in a cutaway and carrying a high silk hat, nodded to the Cushmans and sat down next to Clare. All through the service she felt his eyes on her, occasionally met his glance and smiled at him.

Later the Cushmans introduced him. He was George Tuttle Brokaw, at forty-three society's richest bachelor, credited by some people with from thirty to fifty million dollars. The next day he rang her mother and asked if he could invite Clare to dinner. So the courtship began.

WHEN he took her to meet his rich mother she looked intently at Clare, then told him abruptly: "George, this is a good girl. And she is intelligent. It is high time you got married."

The courtly Brokaw thereupon proposed. Clare, beglamoured by him, hesitated and was lost. A chaste kiss sealed the bargain, plus a ten-carat diamond which Mrs. Brokaw told him to "go out and buy at once."

When Reinhardt heard he raged. "It is incredible," he wrote, "that you should pass up this great and golden opportunity to play a principal rôle in *The Miracle*, to get married." Many years later, when she visited him at Castle Leopoldskin, he said: "That was a fell mistake."

On her wedding eve Clare had bridal jitters, sobbing to her mother: "I can't go through with *(Continued overleaf)*

*Clare Boothe Luce (Heinemann, 21s.)

The barefoot ambassadress

(*Continued from previous page*)

it! I don't want to live in that dark house. I don't really want to be a society matron."

"You can't back out now!" cried her mother, thinking of the public announcements, the hundreds of invited guests, the rooms full of presents, the caterers, musicians. . . . Clare locked herself in her room, crying hysterically. Then she heard a noise at the window. Brother David, clinging to the drain-pipe he 'd climbed, said: "You don't have to marry him, Sis!" "Why don't I?" Clare demanded. "I 've still got some money I saved in the Marines. We can run away together."

BUT next day, radiant in bridal white, she was married at Christ Church. The pair honeymooned off to Europe in a sumptuous royal suite. For the first time she knew infinite luxury, the attentions of anxious servants, flower-decked rooms, fine linen sheets to replace those of the big hotels.

George was very kind. He got drunk only once or twice, but never showed it—Clare found that suddenly he couldn't remember anything that had happened the week before.

She came home to a house like a French Renaissance château where life was a stately dream and she could never do anything for herself without hurting a servant's feelings. Always a liveried footman waited to open the heavy front door. There was also a pretty country house on Long Island.

A baby was on the way. George drank more, but was still kind and thoughtful; Clare, despondent, lonely. When her baby came, trained nurses took charge, later a governess. Only grudgingly did they admit a mother's right to play with her child.

The social round took them in luxurious comfort to Palm Beach, Newport, and the Riviera. "But it was all no good," Alden Hatch comments, "because of the purposeless pattern of their existence and the vapidity of their friends."

George did his best to please, humoured her love of the theatre, backed a Newport stock company, encouraged her to join the Amateur Comedy Club and play lead—only to arouse jealousy with her wealth and beauty.

SHE became more bored and miserable; he drank harder, living in an alcoholic daze. "So they moved through the great houses of Newport and New York, Clare, her lovely eyes shadowy, withdrawn, with George following her in an owlish stupor." Only the affection between her and old Mrs. Brokaw kept the marriage going. Then Mrs. Brokaw died, and Clara could stand it no longer. She felt physically suffocated, brain-stultified; tried to write plays no one wanted to read, was thought "odd" when she told women friends that she preferred reading to playing bridge.

It was hard, in a way, leaving George for Reno and divorce, but it had to be. There was a legal haggle over the custody of daughter Ann. The final settlement was tax-free alimony of 75,000 dollars a year as long as she didn't marry, or 425,000 dollars—which Clare chose. The bitter experience—though sweetened, maybe, by the dollars—seeped later into the Reno scene in her play and film, *The Women*. Sylvia, a little tipsy, talks to the ageing, oft-married countess:

Sylvia: I gave him my youth.

Countess (dreamily): Hélas, what can a woman do with her youth but give it to a man?

Sylvia: Hélas, she can't preserve it in alcohol.

Free at last, determined to work, she made for magazine owner Condé Nast, who urged her to go and see Edna Chase at *Vogue*. Mrs. Chase stalled her gently, saying she was off to Europe.

No one believed that so pretty and well-off a woman could be any good at business. Clare left her, wandered down a corridor, came to a caption-writer' office in which "a dear little old lady was sitting all alone."

"Whose desk is that," Clare asked, pointing to an empty one. "No one's, at present." "Then it 's mine," said Clare. "What are you going to do?" "Write captions," said Clare briskly. Pleased, the dear little old lady handed her some photographs, saying: "Well, here are some to write." Clare was *in*. But no one knew it until the pay-envelope girl came round and said, "I 'm afraid I don't have one for you." Her work was judged good enough to get her taken on at 21 dollars a week.

AND so to fateful meeting number three —with Harry Luce, then editor of *Time*, at a dinner party. While she was talking with him he brusquely pulled out his watch, said "My bedtime. Nice to have met you. Goodbye," and left her in mid-sentence.

The same thing happened when she met him again at a cocktail party and, aware of a rumour that *Life* was shaping in his mind, said: "Mr. Luce, you must start a picture magazine." "How would you cover the death of the Mikado?" he asked. "By taking pictures," she replied. Then out came the watch and he left her seething. "*If I ever see that guy again,*" *she swore,* "*I 'll fix him.*"

Instead, he fixed her at an Elsa Maxwell party for Cole Porter by crossing the room with two glasses of champagne. *There is that dreadful man,* she thought. But at 3 a.m. he was saying: "I 've just made an important discovery. I hope you will think it 's important too. I 've discovered that you are the one woman in my life."

Their happy marriage, her success with plays, film scripts, political and social work, and as Ambassador in Rome—these complete a unique book about a remarkable woman of whom Alden Hatch says: "*Clare Luce could not be the subject of a work of fiction. Nobody would believe it.*"

TREVOR ALLEN

FOR MRS.

Clean, efficient (and pale pink). Let's compare it with yours

FOR Mrs. Britain . . . when? To-morrow, say the designers. It 's the American housewife's "Kitchen of To-day"—and YOUR "Kitchen of To-morrow," *they say.*

To-morrow? Or maybe the next day, or sometime—or more likely never?

NEVER . . . unless British designers decide to give women the kitchens they really want—not the ones men think they ought to have.

NEVER . . . unless British husbands take a new look at the job labelled "housewife"—and realise it 's a tough one and needs the best equipment.

The American housewife doesn't have to fight a lone battle at an antiquated kitchen sink, with an out-dated copper for the family wash and a damp larder to keep food fresh.

The designers plan for HER; husbands cheerfully buy the latest washing

AMERICA—A £2,000 KITCHEN

machines, refrigerators and dish-washers.

Ask your husband if he would spend even one-third of £2,000 on the kitchen. (*Wasn't it almost the end of the world when you wanted a new set of saucepans? How could the old ones WEAR OUT?*)

Americans designed the Frigidaire kitchen (*above*) in elegant Mayfair pink (all you can buy over here is the 'fridge and then only in a clinical white).

What does Mrs. America get for her husband's £2,000?

Ample working space, automatic lighting, plenty of cupboard room. A press-button cooking range, automatic dish washer, washing machine and dryer, food waste disposer, air conditioner and a "cold pantry" 'fridge.

THE revolutionary "thinking top" electric range brings automation into the kitchen. The control panel regulates four radiantube surface cooking units—*each with a porcelain drip bowl underneath.*

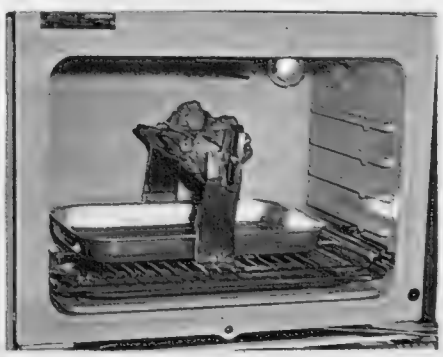
The oven is thermostatically controlled and fitted with a "Cook Master" which switches on and off for you while you shop or visit friends.

There are French doors to the oven. And you needn't struggle in a hot blast while you grope for the right shelf. *A pull on the handle opens both doors, switches on a light and automatically draws out the bottom shelf.*

Turning or basting can be cut out of the kitchen stove routine—*an adjustable roasting rack ensures even cooking.*

The washing-up? The American housewife has an automatic dish-washer with adjustable racks for stacking dishes, glasses and cutlery of all sizes. And it even comes with a detergent dispenser for measuring the right amount to use. It pre-rinses, washes, rinses and dries—*and a strainer at the bottom collects and disposes of all waste.*

In the kitchen's built-in laundry is an automatic clothes washer, ranged with a spin dryer, press-button ironing board and cupboard to store used clothes. *What more can you want than all this and a fitted Ozone lamp which gives a sunshine-fresh smell to the drying clothes?*



An automatic spit comes with the oven

The refrigerator has a cold store and a freezer holding 168 lb. and opened by toeing a pedal. The 'fridge defrosts automatically and has a unique ejector to end the job of prising ice-cubes from the trays.

Designers please note: a food waste disposer is fitted to the sink unit. Turn on the water, flick a switch—and the waste has gone for ever.

One thing the American housewife hates to be without (and the British housewife rarely has) is the air-conditioner to end sweltering sessions in the kitchen.

That is the picture of Mrs. America's kitchen. Her designers have planned it with imagination and with a real insight into the needs of the hard-worked housewife.

EVERY woman KNOWS what she needs in her kitchen. Yet she has absolutely no say in the design of the equipment she is offered. Isn't it time SHE was consulted? Isn't it time the boys in the backroom ASKED the housewife what she wants?

EVE'S independent panel of housewives points the way by testing equipment *in the home.*

When more British designers follow the American lead, then perhaps we shall end forever the frustration which happens so often in the kitchen—*because man-designed equipment doesn't do the woman's job.*—*DEE REMMINGTON.*

A DOCTOR SAYS

IT: MAMA DOES KNOW BEST

"When a child is ill mother's role is all-important—and a good doctor realises it," says this physician

IN many respects children adapt themselves more easily to a stay in hospital than their parents do. There are, though, certain problems which are peculiar to children, or of great importance to them.

They vary widely, according to age, temperament, and intellect, in their capacity to understand WHY they have been taken out of their homes. And how long it may be before they return there.

This problem is most severe in children between the ages of, say, six months and two or three years. They are old enough to know that they have been separated from their parents. But quite unable to understand why or for how long.

It is in this group that the importance of maintaining frequent contact with parents—if possible, day by day—is greatest, though it will often entail great hardship, both socially and financially, to the rest of the family.

The extent of the disturbance which may be caused to the child's family by daily visiting is not easily measured. But in one hospital where daily visits were encouraged, about 10 per cent. of the parents spent 27s. and 21 hours a week on travel—exclusive of the time spent with the child.

PARENTS may well communicate their anxiety to a child, whether or not the child has any idea what it is about, and may add to the sense of insecurity which a young child inevitably feels when suddenly removed from his home.

The extent to which a child succeeds in adjusting himself to hospital life depends on his own personality and on the humanity and insight of his doctors and nurses. But it also depends on the job that the parents have already done in bringing him up.

Children whose parents are confident, and who have encouraged them to be independent against a background of love and security, will be better able to adjust themselves to changing circumstances.

Over-possessive, over-indulgent or inconsistent parents are unable or unwilling to guide their children effectively towards a secure independence.

Children Under Six Months. Most babies in this age-group are being breast-fed, and this should continue in hospital if the baby's illness allows.

This usually means the admission of the nursing mother to hospital with the baby, and every hospital admitting babies should be in a position to do this. Even where the baby is not breast-fed, there is, in some cases, much to be said for the mother coming in as well and taking over as much of the ordinary nursing of the child as possible.

It is probable that the separation of a baby from his mother is less damaging at this age than a few months later. But there is no doubt that all concerned will be happier if the mother–baby relationship is not disturbed, and its maintenance can do nothing but good.

Between Six Months and Three Years : It is in this group that there is the most likelihood of emotional stress resulting from the separation of mother and child. Whenever possible a daily contact with one parent should be arranged.

A child of 15 to 18 months can settle down into a happy routine in which his mother comes in every evening. If she is unable to do this he is not yet old enough to understand that although she has not come to-day, she will to-morrow.

Later Childhood : Once the emotional disturbance of the first day or so in hospital has been overcome, older children are able to understand the intervals at which they will see their parents and visiting two or three times a week is usually sufficient.

More frequent visits may be necessary in individual cases, but if it upsets the rest of the family it may indirectly lead to anxiety.

Long Stay Cases : Children who have to stay for more than a few weeks in hospital present special problems. It is not good for a child's morale to stay month after month as the only long-stay case in a ward in which all the other patients are constantly coming and going.

Under good conditions children stand up to a long hospitalisation remarkably well, and they have one solid advantage over adults. When an adult is admitted to hospital his normal life ceases, and nothing can take its place.

A child's education, however, can continue unchecked while he is in hospital, and indeed he may have the advantage of more individual tuition.

Admission : If there is one thing which can diminish the emotional disturbance caused by the admission of children to hospital, it is the careful (but not over-careful) preparation of the child AND the mother for what is to come.

The mother's part is all-important, for unless she is both confident and informed about what is going to happen she may pass on her fear to her child.

Careless or off-hand behaviour by any member of the hospital staff may at this stage do damage to the hospital-family relationship which it is very hard to repair later.

In my experience a hospital can be extremely efficient in the diagnosis and treatment of the illness itself, and still fail in its human relationships. The test is : are mothers made part of the team ?

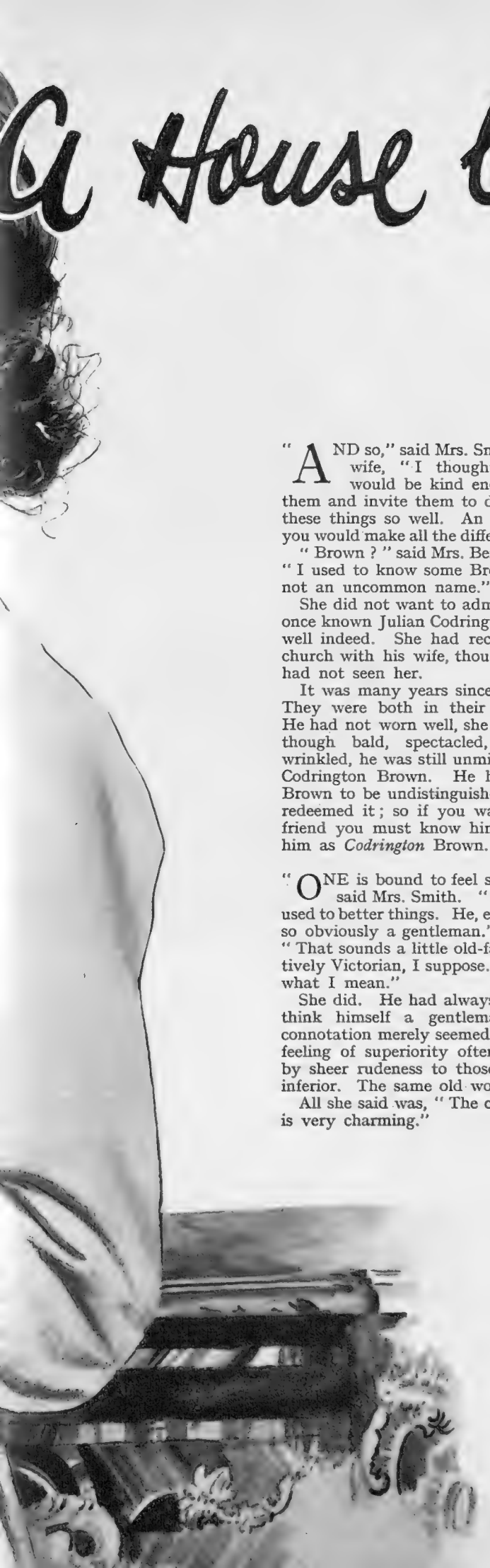
We cannot dispense with her, and we would be very foolish to try. A children's doctor will never spurn her help in arriving at a diagnosis. And a children's hospital will not try to dispense with her help in treatment.

CHILDREN MAKE BETTER PATIENTS

Julian's ambition had driven them apart once. Now he was back . . . what would happen when they met again?

A House like that

by E. G. BRIDSON



"AND so," said Mrs. Smith, the Vicar's wife, "I thought perhaps you would be kind enough to call on them and invite them to dinner. You do these things so well. An invitation from you would make all the difference to them."

"Brown?" said Mrs. Beresford vaguely. "I used to know some Browns. But it's not an uncommon name."

She did not want to admit that she had once known Julian Codrington Brown very well indeed. She had recognised him in church with his wife, though obviously he had not seen her.

It was many years since they last met. They were both in their twenties then. He had not worn well, she thought. But, though bald, spectacled, and a little wrinkled, he was still unmistakably Julian Codrington Brown. He had always felt Brown to be undistinguished. Codrington redeemed it; so if you wanted to be his friend you must know him and speak of him as *Codrington* Brown.

"ONE is bound to feel sorry for them," said Mrs. Smith. "They have been used to better things. He, especially. He is so obviously a gentleman." She laughed. "That sounds a little old-fashioned. Positively Victorian, I suppose. But you know what I mean."

She did. He had always been proud to think himself a gentleman, though its connotation merely seemed to be a general feeling of superiority often demonstrated by sheer rudeness to those he considered inferior. The same old word. How odd!

All she said was, "The cottage, I think, is very charming."

"Oh, yes, but it's not at all the sort of thing he was brought up to. Not the sort of thing he had, as it were, a right to expect of life."

When Mrs. Smith left, Nina Beresford's thoughts strayed back to those years when Julian had meant so much in her life. She recalled her first meeting with him. They were both students at Oxford. They had met at a party. She thought him cocksure and conceited. He paid her a lot of attention, though, and it was not long before she fell wildly in love with him.

"Why do girls fall in love with conceited young men?" she wondered. "Perhaps because when a man seems to set a very high value on himself, the compliment is all the greater when he offers all this to a woman."

JULIAN offered himself to her. He was not particularly good-looking or clever, but he was a Rugger Blue. Life for him could hold no greater glory. She accepted him at his own valuation. He was wonderful; their love was wonderful. It was expressed in all the love-poetry that was ever written. She was prettier because he loved her; the sun shone brighter when he was there.

Memories came thronging. Happy ones, bitter-sweet now. And there were others. Standing in the wet at Rugger matches in the Iffley Road. She was expected to be there to applaud her hero; her engagements must always give way if he wanted her.

There were the Oxford Group meetings. The whole idea of (*Continued on page 70*)

"You have nothing to give" said his mother. "A wife should help her husband in his career"

THE CHILDREN'S

Peter Wood and his wife had a dream: now twelve families help to make it come true

by MAX ROBERTSON

"YOU 'RE finished if you can no longer indulge in dreams," Philip Wood said. We were standing outside his whitewashed home, Rosaire Cottage, on the small Channel island of Herm.

Three miles away lay Guernsey. To our left was the smaller island of Jethou, connected to us by a golden link forged by the setting sun.

Philip's brother Peter is the official tenant of Herm, which he leases from the States Government of Guernsey.

He is the virtual overlord of this minute domain, a fairly thriving (if not yet quite prospering) community of twelve families—28 adults, 17 children.

It was Peter's dream seven years ago that gave a new impetus to the island's ancient story.

As early as the sixth century, a Christian settlement was formed and a chapel built by St. Tughedal. For hundreds of years Herm, like the other Channel islands, owed allegiance to France, and even after Brittany passed to the English crown, it was responsible to the Bishop of Coutances. But when France regained possession, the Channel islands chose to remain with England. Herm for a long time was the shooting-box of the Governors of Guernsey.

For about one hundred years Herm was leased from the Crown by private owners, some famous, some eccentric. In 1914 it was occupied by Prince Blücher, descendant of Wellington's ally at Waterloo.

He rebuilt the Manor House in Gothic style, laid out luxuriant semi-tropical gardens, planted many exotic trees and let wallabies run wild.

For a while it was the home of Compton Mackenzie; later he moved to smaller Jethou.

At the end of the war Herm was in a poor state. Most of the buildings were derelict or needing repair, and the gardens were running riot. The States of Guernsey bought the lease from the Crown and in 1947 let the island on condition that the people of Guernsey might land and use it as their own park and pleasure ground.

IN 1949 New Zealand-born Peter Wood heard the lease was for sale.

Immediately he and his wife Jenny, sister of rally-driver Ian Appleyard, looked at the island; put an option on it and talked the States of Guernsey into letting them take over the lease. Within weeks they had taken possession and had invited elder brother Philip to join them in this venture of rescuing an island from decay. Philip, too, was a man of quick decision. As an ex-Sapper and a civil engineer, his practised eye told him at once that there was a major job of reconstruction to be done. The challenge was so great that he immediately sold up his business in Buckinghamshire and was on the island within two days.

The prospect might have appalled lesser men. There were fewer than twenty buildings on the island—including the Manor House (built on the highest point and almost at the centre), a large hotel just above the main harbour and two rows of cottages. Nothing was in good condition and most in bad repair. There was no water or sanitation, no electricity, no way of communicating with Guernsey.

The brothers set to work. Peter sunk a lot of capital in the island and gradually gathered a band of men and women to share the pleasures and pains of rebuilding.

MICK RAY and his wife Bunny are trying to get a small pottery industry going. Pat Lister sells ice-cream and teas to visitors while her husband acts as the island's Town Clerk and chief administrator. Others help on the farm or in the hotel There is Bill—who manages the hotel and last winter built a new and very attractive bar from wood and materials scrounged from condemned buildings or salvaged from the sea—and Teresa, who looks after the domestic side of the hotel.

By the time the original lease expired, so much work had been done that the States of Guernsey, realising its worth, granted Peter Wood a new lease for sixty-six years.

Realising that the island was being run on a business footing and giving them profit from the poll tax levied on every visitor landing, the States also fixed its rent at £10 (virtually the traditional peppercorn rent) and agreed to pay Peter a salary of £3,000 for keeping everything in good repair, and paying employees.

The States also provided capital for bringing in the telephone link with Guernsey; laying underground electric

For wind-swept hair, a helping hand from Peter Wood, soldier, engineer, visionary—overlord of Herm

ISLAND

PARADISE–SAND, A FARM AND TWO SCHOOLS

cables (Peter insisted on no overhead wires to bedraggle the natural beauty); supplying generators to make the electricity; conserving a water supply and laying piping for its distribution; and doing the necessary repairs to the habitable houses to place the venture on a fair and firm foundation.

NOW there are forty-five people living on Herm, of whom seventeen are children. For the seventeen children (the eldest is twelve) there are two schools: one for seven–to–twelves looked after by a Ministry of Education teacher who lives in the island; the other an infant school presided over by a teacher from Guernsey.

The island, as well as being a wonderful picnicking and bathing beauty spot for day-trippers, is a paradise for children. There is a farm where the children help to feed the animals; the old Manor House, with its outbuildings, many of them pseudo-Gothic, castellated and derelict, for a hide-and-seek playground; wonderful sandy beaches fringing the northern half of the island and, at the southern end, gorse and honeysuckle-covered slopes, cliffs and thick, bushy woods. And there is the particular joy of Herm Island —the masses of pretty-coloured iridescent shells washed up on the beaches.

They are growing up in a community where every man and woman lends a hand to any job, and they will have the opportunity to learn the basic trades and crafts of brick-laying, cement-mixing, woodwork, pottery and gardening.

Wild life abounds, and always the sound of the sea can be heard. It is that sound which underlines the strange, peaceful quality of the island. Although there is much to be done, there is no hurry or urgency. Life is leisurely.

The Hermites are really living a dream that most of us have had at some time or another. They lead a double life—"the Island's and your own." And it is clear that the island's comes first.

Herm has a semi-tropical summer, and the winter is normally milder than in the rest of Britain. But there are often gales bad enough to cut off the island from Guernsey for several days at a time. The provident housewife must lay in her stores in case of storm. Otherwise her job is very much like that of a housewife anywhere, except in the work she does for the community—perhaps by knitting Herm pullovers and woollen hats that are snapped up in the Gift Shop and help to swell the funds of the island's economy.

PETER WOOD is a man of vision—a benevolent despot. His aim is to double the present population, still keeping the island self-supporting.

He wants Herm to be a real and vital home to as many people as possible—as well as a place that thousands will remember for happy holidays. I envy him. No cars, no pneumatic drills—just a deep, satisfying restfulness and the whisper of the sea in your ears.

SHOW A LEG . . . WITH SHEER

FILMY OR FISHNET, COBWEB OR CREPE? WHICH ONES FOR YOU? HERE'S THE RIGHT WAY TO CHOOSE THEM

ELIZABETH I liked "a good leg clad in fine hose." Victorian bucks twirled their mustachios at the sight of a silken ankle peeping beneath the hem of a crinoline. Many a present-day actress has climbed the stairs that lead to the Hall of Fame on a pair of shapely pins. Currently, Broadway celebrates the apotheosis of the female leg in the musical splendours of maestro Cole Porter's "Silk Stockings."

Now, in 1956, the silkworm sits forgotten on its mulberry bush: science and chemistry have produced a finer, filmier covering. Nylons romp home in the glamour stakes. And in the toughness, flexibility or what-you-will stakes. But—before you buy, do you decide their destiny?

Country, county or capital—there are stockings for each. And one or two simple facts about size, weave and shaping will help you pick stockings with the best "life insurance" for your money.

Take size, for instance. Most manufacturers make one size in two, sometimes three, leg lengths. So the tall girl with small feet needn't buy a 10½

OH THOSE LADDERS! BUT

that will wrinkle over her toes just to make certain that it *will* come up to her suspenders.

Here, roughly, is a guide to size:

Shoe size:	4 or 4½	5 or 5½	6 or 6½	7 or 7½	8
Stocking size:	9	9½	10	10½	11

Weave—the proportion between denier and gauge—is of next importance. Denier means the thickness of the yarn (as two-, three- or four-ply wool); gauge—the tension—refers to the number of stitches per 1½ ins. Thus, a 9 denier 75 gauge stocking would be very sheer but fairly strong, as the high gauge number gives a fine, close weave.

Generally, it's accepted that 9 or 12 denier nylons are the party girl's pick; 15 denier for a smarter-than-usual daily round continuing happily into the evening. 30 denier are what are forbiddingly known as service weights and will do you well in the rigours of ordinary living, and 45 denier are about the toughest you can get.

A favourite variation is fishnet; this mesh weave comes in the same denier weights but at disintegration-point goes into holes instead of ladders. Stretch stockings, that in the hand look like the property of a deformed dwarf, have a mesh appearance on the leg. They come, generally, in two or three sizes only, and rely on their "cling" for a perfect fit.

Indian Summer debutante on the stocking scene is Terylene yarn. Two manufacturers, so far, are making these, and signs—speed of drying, hard

The band of stretch nylon above the knee of Plaza's La Ronde prevents laddering caused by sudden stretching or bending

Charmed life in a stretch version: these also have the twin-thread knit of the rest of the range—and the 60-day guarantee. Their cost is 11s. 6d.

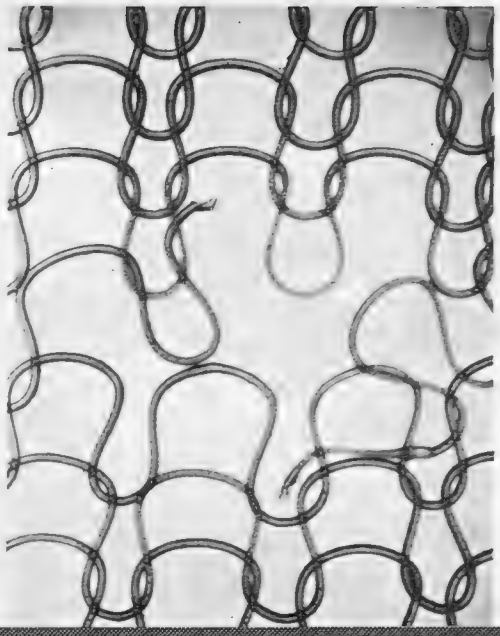
Klingsil's seamless, 400-needle micromesh suit summer or dance-time sandals alike, and come in a range of tawny colours

Ballito stretchers have an elasticity that shrinks them, unworn, to Lilliputian size

There's a trick in it . . . if you know the

APPEAL

A QUIZ CONDUCTED BY ANNE DE COURCY



wear, and warm feel—indicate that these recent arrivals have quite a future.

Finally, shaping. The fully-fashioned stocking, knitted flat and then sewn up, is tailored to the shape of the leg; the semi-fashioned is knitted on circular needles and, if it has a seam, this is sewn on afterwards. These latter, which are cheaper, are excellent stand-bys for more casual occasions. Micromesh, too, is knitted on circular needles. The seamless ones, in sunny shades, give a summertime bare-leg look—or wear them under a short evening dress and with strappy sandals.

Now—ready? We offer a small personality-cum-purpose quiz: you decide your type, and we tell you the stocking for it.

Getting married? Best for kneeling are Plaza's La Ronde, with their special stretch-band above the knee. 15 denier, they 're safe but sheer, and cost 9s. 11d.

Going cruising? Get that barelegged look with Klingsil's seamless micro-mesh, 400 needle, price from 6s. 11d. to 8s. 11d.

NOW YOU CAN HAVE A SECOND CHANCE

Falling in love? A tiny heart decorates the welt of Norman Hartnell's Night and Day stocking, ladder-barred at top and toe. 10s. 11d.

Giving a present? You 'll have no size problems with Ballito's stretch nylons. They 're seamless and made of cobwebby Agilon yarn, cost 9s. 11d.

Accident-prone? Charmed Life, by Kayser, are for you. Their twin-thread construction gives them a second chance, *and* there 's a 60-day guarantee. From 9s. 11d.

Country cousin? Morley's Pacemaker is a 30 denier stretch; two sizes. The news is in the knit: this looks like a fine corduroy rib. 12s. 6d.

Walking on air? Not too difficult, when your feet feel fine. Springstep, by Bear Brand, are a 15 denier sheer with stretchy, cushioning crepe foot; cost 9s. 11d.

Like 'em smooth? If it 's stockings you mean, Keystone's Powderskin is a 15 denier with special extra matt finish. Price 8s. 11d.

Unbeliever? Then Miracle should convince you. Berkshire have added a top-and-toe ladder protection to these 75 gauge sheerest sheers. 12s. 11d.

Pleased as Punch? And properly proud of your 15 deniers by Proper Pride, with their special Nylocrepe foot for dancing comfort. 8s. 11d.

How low can you get? Practically down to floor-level, when you 're wearing Taylor Woods' cut-away-toes stocking, designed for the new low-cut shoes. 15 denier, 10s. 11d.

Pioneer type? Try the first-ever Terylene stockings—by Aristoc. In four of the Aristoc shades, price 9s. 11d.

In the clouds? Charnos have a down-to-earth answer in Crepe Clouds—a 30 denier stretch nylon that 's tough, practical and semi-sheer. 14s. 11d.

Top picture shows an ordinary ladder. Below, the twin threads of Kayser's Charmed Life give a double indemnity

New arrivals are Terylene stockings by Aristoc—the first makers in this country. They are extra quick drying, have a liking for hard wear and are warmer to handle than nylon

Another may wear her heart on her sleeve—you are more discreet. Norman Hartnell makes these sheers in—naturally—fashion-right shades

secrets of size, weave and shaping, it's yours!

Evelyn Laye ("I love giving parties and cooking for my friends") and Anton Walbrook

OH, HOW I ENVY THESE S-M-O-O-T-H HOSTESSES!

Their guests NEVER catch them in a panic—and they ALWAYS give such perfect parties, says Phœbe Winch

I LOVE the IDEA of having people to dinner. As I am saying—"but you must come to dinner—it 's no bother. What about next Wednesday? Good, see you at eight, then"—I have a mental picture of a civilised evening entertaining our friends. Cultured people are exchanging epigrams, the food and drink are perfect but unostentatious, and the evening will be nostalgically recalled. . . .

Only it just doesn't work out that way. When Wednesday dawns, my mental picture is already somewhat frayed about the edges. By the time I have done the shopping, prepared everything, and am waiting for the guests to arrive, the picture is totally destroyed. I am convinced the evening will be a failure. (*Is there any hostess in the world who is SO confident that she never says to herself, a minute after the prescribed time of arrival of her guests—"They aren't coming—they don't like us"?*)

COMPARED to the picture in my mind's eye, the evening always is a failure. And compared to "the perfect hostess" of the articles in the glossy magazines, I am a disastrous flop from the moment the guests arrive and I can't find the corkscrew or the bottle-opener.

(I know you will say, "Well, if she finds it all so difficult, why doesn't she simply have people to drinks?" The answer is that guests take a good half hour to find where we live, and when they DO get there, they expect to stay. Telephone conversations go like this: "Well, you know the Camden Road? No? Well, you know Camden Town? No? *Well*, you know Piccadilly Circus? Good. Take the first turning on the right and . . .")

There are two sorts of entertaining—the planned and the spontaneous. And the latter defeats me most. If the dinner is planned, then I *ought* to be able to get everything ready in ten days, and if I haven't, then I feel it is my fault.

But if people drop in unexpectedly, why is it that "pot-luck" in my case literally means just that—the scrag-end of the-day-before-yesterday's joint, three cold roast potatoes, the nastiest kind of tinned peas, and half an ounce of mouse-trap cheese? Yet, if my husband and I drop in on anyone, they are just about to sit down to a "pot-luck" meal of braised veal with all the trimmings, a bottle of wine and a selection of cheeses to follow.

EVEN with a planned, formal dinner, other women seem to manage better than I do.

To start with, it is obvious one should choose one's guests with care; they must enjoy each other's company. So we draw up a list of six entertaining and interesting people. Only one of them is able to come. (*Again the fear—are we so very unpopular?*)

So the list is revised, this time with a more doubtful selection of dinner companions. Again, only one couple can come. So we have to drag in a cousin who never goes out because no one ever asks her. *The group has now changed character completely . . . and we have to resign ourselves to chatting about last night's television and next year's holidays.*

There is something so calm and orderly about other people's entertaining. THEY don't have to wash the salad plates so the guests can have cheese, or have to ask everyone to sit about patiently, waiting for the *soufflé* to rise. THEY don't have to abandon their guests because they 've forgotten to dress the salad or have to go out and buy another bottle of white wine.

And I have never, never, understood how it is that other hostesses produce a huge, complicated meal without, apparently, going into the kitchen at all.

I have to dash in and out, smiling briefly and fleetingly at our guests while I cope with the ominous smell from the kitchen. By the time dinner is served, my husband is looking anxiously at the gin bottle, and I am breathless, rather dirty, and bright-red in the face.

I AM a reasonably good cook, but one thing defeats me: my food *never* looks attractive or in the least appetising. I gaze at those coloured photographs on the cookery pages—food beautifully arranged, each plate garnished with a sprig of watercress and a radish or two. The photogenic mashed potatoes are piled high with waves and curls that would do credit to a hairdresser. But when I garnish with watercress and radishes, it just looks like a bit of old watercress and a radish left on the plate by mistake. And if I start to mess about with the mashed potatoes, they get cold and unattractively congealed.

Then there is the question of what everyone is going to talk about when there isn't very much to say. I always feel the evening has been a slight failure if the men get together and talk shop ("It 's pretty significant that they are up 3½ per cent., you know") and the women get together and talk about babies ("Nannie said it was indigestion, but I KNOW he was smiling . . .). The alternative is for the men to get involved in some tremendously obscure argument about the significance of pre-Christian symbolism in the Catholic Church, while the women wonder whether it is time to go home yet.

There are *so* many pitfalls to overcome

—like running out of cigarettes, and not having enough chairs, and people arriving early—" No, of COURSE you 're not early . . . please excuse my dressing-gown. Help yourself to a drink, I 'll be with you in a moment. My husband was kept late at the office, he 's in the bath . . . whatever must you think of us ? "

To try to find out how really experienced hostesses manage I went to see **Evelyn Laye.** She and her husband, **Frank Lawton,** specialise in spontaneous entertainment.

" I can't bear anything to be planned," she said. " I 'm the sort of person who likes everything to be spontaneous. I rustle up a party at the last moment with no idea what we are going to do. Because of this I always have something in the house for people who want to stay on and eat. For instance, I often have a steamed chicken ready, just in case. Then I can quickly make a sauce with tinned pimentoes and rice.

" I LIKE surprise parties. Do I mix people ? I don't think that way. *I just say ' I like so-and-so and I 'm sure they 'd like to meet so-and-so ' . . . and they always do.* I 've always told Frank that he can bring anybody home, even if he can't manage to ring me first. We don't entertain lavishly. I hate large, formal parties.

" I 'm rather fond of taking people to the Zoo for lunch on Sundays. I 'm a Fellow, and they have very good wines and food there.

" And, of course, I HAVE to feed the bears as well. Frank says I 'm becoming an eccentric old woman. I put on an old coat, tie a spoon to the end of a walking-stick and take a pot of honey with me. Then I feed all the bears I can find. They love it. I have to water down the honey, because they are rather extravagant with it. I also make fresh toast for the animals—I think they must get tired of everyone's stale crusts. . . .

" I love cooking for people I love. I find out what sort of food they like, then take tremendous pains to cook it *really* well—sometimes it takes hours. But I think most entertaining should be spontaneous."

I also went to see **Mrs. Spencer Curtis Brown,** wife of the literary agent. Unlike Evelyn Laye, she believes in *planned* entertaining. Naturally she mostly entertains authors and publishers, many of whom are American, but she believes in mixing literary and non-literary people.

SHE leaves nothing to chance. Before the guests come they are told who else is coming " so there is none of that conversational fencing round to find out who is who and what they do.

" Spencer and I plan beforehand who is going to introduce and who is going to pour the drinks. Although some people think it rude, we always have a drink in our hands when the first guest arrives. It looks as though the party has already begun and they don't feel so self-conscious. We always use a shaker because my husband thinks the sound of chinking ice is festive."

I asked her what she gave people to eat : " The usual things. I 'm quite a good cook, but a limited one. I don't think food and drink is as important as all *that.* The main thing is for the guests to enjoy themselves—that is, enjoy talking to each other. We don't have TV or a gramophone to entertain our guests ; we rely on conversation."

DEAR AUNT JACK . . .

EVERYBODY loves those helpful aunts. Who can resist " Blue-eyes, Dagenham "—*I and three other girls have been going out with the same young man, and to our horror . . .* ? Or pass by those intriguing requests for *. . . a stamped, addressed envelope and I will write to you privately* ? Believing, in our helpful way, that you are as interested in these mysterious aunts as we are, EVE has been doing some research into them—and their patients. You can read it next month.

★ ★ ★

BUILDING ON A BUDGET

WHEN a young architect designs a house for himself and his wife there are bound to be many ideas in it for other people. Next month John Frayne Turner, EVE *Housing Editor, shows how the expert solved heating, lighting and space problems in a tight-budget house. In* EVE *for December.*

★ ★ ★

COUSIN FROM KANSAS

FATHER is furious, mother is in tears and my sister Frances is threatening to run away with the riding instructor. Then, to cap it all, comes this telegram : DOCKING SOUTHAMPTON MONDAY STOP MILLICENT BLAKE. The ensuing adventures of the magnificent Millicent—*My Cousin from Kansas*—are told in a brilliant short story by Nina Warner Hook next month.

All in EVE for December

SO THIS IS THE WINDMILL!

I am surrounded by men . . . hundreds of them. Just here and there among the closely-packed audience, peering through the smoky, darkened theatre, I can see a feminine head. But I doubt if there are more than half a dozen.

And with good reason—for this is the Windmill. London's " modern Temple of Venus."

I had gone there to discover : **WHY** a comedian has only to mention the Windmill to bring a knowing snigger from the audience. (A distinction the theatre shares with Paris and Marilyn Monroe.)

WHY it draws men of all ages and classes—beardless striplings, rheumy-eyed reprobates, private soldiers, group captains, barrow-boys, stockbrokers, cloth-capped, whippeted provincials.

WHY a queue forms outside at *nine* almost every morning—the " Dawn Patrol," as the habitués of Great Windmill Street call it—for a non-bookable show that does not open until *midday*.

In the stalls I joined a queue of five or six men leaning against a wall. A few curious glances were directed my way.

ON stage three girls in leopard-skin bras and pants were chanting a " point " number about " Life in 1986." They didn't sing very well. They didn't dance very well, either. The audience was watching them raptly. I wondered why. I have seen better—and more—on Eastbourne beach.

The programme was unhelpful. The three girls were Joy Ackland or Bernadette Cahn ; Kathleen Cooper or Jean Mara ; and Perin Lewis or Sadie Comben. It didn't really matter.

A few men rose to leave. Men from rows further back sprang forward to take their places as if propelled by springs. The expressions of satisfaction on their faces as they gained a row or two was a delight to see. Ah !—something risqué at last. But no.

Straw-skirted girls danced a hula—languidly. I have seen better in a village hall. Admittedly at the climax one unwrapped her sarong and danced waving it above her head. But the stage had been put into darkness. Not very shocking.

A man in evening dress came on. His name—the programme was more definite about him—was Blue. So was his act.

I STUDIED the faces of the men around me. The man in the next seat wore a black beard. Two rows in front was a man wearing a cloth cap. Behind me some foreigners chattered in their own language. Probably they could not understand Mr. Blue's " humour." Possibly fortunate for British prestige.

A man wearing a dark blue suit and a dark purple face, carrying a bowler and the air of a regular patron, came in. By adroit, purposeful action he slipped into a front-row seat as someone left.

As Mr. Blue finished more people left and from behind me men hurtled forward like Rugby forwards making for the touchline. They are known, I learned, as the " Windmill Commandos."

On stage girls were doing a Mexican production number to the music of the Windmill orchestra—two pianos and drums.

Two girls (Margaret Cooper or Angela Osborn ; Una Denton and Iris White ; or Joy Ackland and Pamela Luckett ; the programme had slipped back into ambiguity) went into a Can-Can.

Can-Can in Mexico ? Later I found the Windmill always gets a Can-Can in somewhere. The Can-Can, of course, is *very* French and *very* naughty. This one was . . . well, athletic.

As the lights went up for the interval I thought a riot had broken out. All over the auditorium men were moving into seats almost before the departing patrons were out of them. Commandos scuttled down the aisles. New arrivals joined in. Over the loudspeakers a voice boomed : " Please do not climb over the seats."

Blackbeard streaked past me. Two or three others followed and plunged into the scrum. It was like a mad game of musical chairs which I expected to end with a large number of displaced persons.

BLACKBEARD gained two rows. His eyes must have been very poor. I could see every freckle on the girls' bare legs. Cloth-cap stayed where he was. A rather ordinary but pleasant enough boy-and-girl song-and-dance act followed (by William Graham, John Law or Alan Wren and Iris White, Margaret Cooper or Sadie Comben). I stood up, sat down, stood up, sat down as Commandos came and went.

Then a mock ballet with the audience laughing appreciatively at a caricature (in dubious taste) of a male dancer. Two men sang at a piano. Blackbeard made the front row.

I assume he must have worked his way there with the next act in mind. A fan dance. The Windmill always has a fan dance. It is *very* French and *very* naughty.

FAN DANCES, I WAS TOLD, ARE NAUGHTY

INNOCENT ABROAD . . . joins the Revudeville Commandos

Large, feather fans waved before a naked figure (Jillian Larraby or Geraldien Stidolph or Rita Hammerton). I found it, oh, so coy. But Cloth-cap was breathing heavily. Life is probably quiet in his village.

The drummer crashed a gong mounted above his head and Jillian (or Geraldine or Rita) stood finally naked. I wanted to laugh.

Kathleen Cooper or Kay Harris, dressed in a low-cut, split-skirted gown, sang a torch song unlikely to start any fires. A conjurer did card-tricks and told stories. I think he got them from Mr. Blue.

One more number—a man in evening dress singing to half a dozen gowned girls—and the show was over.

I left. Blackbeard seemed settled in the front row.. Cloth-cap was still in his seat. His jaw was moving, so I knew he was all right. Maybe he brought sandwiches.

SO that was "Revudeville," the show that celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary next February. Gay, colourful, tuneful, rather amateurish.

I had expected to see nudes in battalions—and saw only three. I expected naughtiness and found only coyness—the coyness of schoolgirls (in fact, most of the girls have not been long out of their schoolrooms).

I *had* seen a great amount of exposed bosom. That is why the balcony is so popular, I was told.

But they can be seen in the *Daily Sketch*. And on TV panel games. Is this enough to fill the Windmill regularly?

I went up narrow stone stairs, through a door labelled "Wild Ideas," and met Mr. Kenneth H. Bandy. He is the theatre's publicity man. An energetic, cheerful, bustling live wire who works hard at perpetuating the legend of the Windmill's naughtiness.

"Seventy per cent. of our audiences come from the provinces," he explained. "You know how before the war anyone who came back from Paris was always asked by his pals if he had been to the Folies. He would never dare to admit he hadn't.

"IT is much the same with the Windmill. When in London a man *has* to visit the Windmill."

But what attracted people to go again and again, as some men do?

"They use it like a club," said Mr. Bandy. "They come in and see a couple of acts, have a drink at the bar." (It is an expensive club. But then you can see the show round again—and again—like a cinema . . . if you want to.)

A floor above Mr. Bandy's office, Miss Sheila Van Damm, motorist-daughter of Vivian Van Damm, the theatre's owner, was drinking tea with plenty of sugar. Unlike the girls, she has no need to worry about her figure.

"Giving up rally-driving—or at least cutting it down—to spend more time here," she said. "I am following in my father's footsteps."

General director of production is a woman Anne Mitelle, who started in 1932 as Van Damm's secretary. It is interesting that two women, Miss Mitelle and Miss Van Damm, should have such a big hand in creating a show almost entirely for me.

On the back of the Windmill programme is a form headed "Candid Criticisms," which asks patrons: "What is your general opinion of each turn? And your confidential opinion as to which artistes you enjoyed most?"

My opinion, which is not confidential: Without the comedian and the conjurer I could have taken a bishop to see it.

Naughty? A Frenchman would laugh. So would an Italian. So would a woman of *any* nationality. A bunch of Finchley housewives could put over a more sexy show. "Temple of Venus"? Phooey!

—Suzanne Howard

NEXT MONTH "Innocent Abroad" reads the men's magazines, and says:

"SO THIS IS WHAT THEY THINK OF US!"

—Don't miss it!

—I WANTED TO LAUGH

A 1683 COTTAGE

Nobody's died for so long (said the builder) that I can let you have genuine coffin elm for the staircase

by ANNE GREY

" Items : *One dwelling houfe, Barn, and Backside, called by the name of the Church houfe, three Acrees and three quarters of an Acree in each feild with right sheep pastures thereunto belonging . . ." runs the faded script of the Title Deed, signed by the Rector of Coln Parish on September* 24, 1683.

THAT was how Amadine's Cottage began. Nearly three hundred years later, when Mrs. Stella Robinson and her daughter Mary bought the property, it consisted of a drab four-roomed cottage, once the home of the village schoolmistress, a barn which was used as the schoolroom, and a collection of broken-down outhouses (the " Backside " of the Title Deed).

It took the Robinsons five years to convert it. To-day, Amadine's Cottage is a gracious grey stone house with a serenity and charm typical of the best type of Cotswold building.

The house is set in a loop of the River Coln and looks across a corn-and-pasture valley to wooded hills. Once the back door looked out over the valley ; the front door faced a high bank topped by the narrow country road.

Part of the conversion job was to turn it back-to-front. The cottage kitchen, paved with flagstones, became the hall, with a new front door of French windows replacing the old back door. The outhouses were converted into a kitchen, scullery and fuel store. The ex-barn schoolroom was one large room adjacent to and the same height as the two-storey cottage. It was roofed with slate, in contrast to the tiles of Cotswold stone over the cottage roof. There was no inside door connecting schoolhouse and cottage ; and the floors were on different levels.

Once the cottage kitchen. Now a flagstoned hall with French windows replacing the old back door

Once a coal-shed. Now an alcove to the dining-room. *Below :* The elegant living-room was once an old barn

The Robinsons tackled the exterior alterations first. Three gables were built at roof-level along the side of the schoolhouse, and a porch, similarly gabled, rose to the same height outside the cottage's kitchen door which was to become the new front door. A stone-walled coal-shed by the door was incorporated into the house as an alcove off the dining-room.

The ugly dark slates were ripped off the schoolroom roof and replaced with local grey-stone tiles to match the cottage roof. Where once two undistinguished buildings huddled into the roadside bank—an unbroken façade looked across the valley.

Simultaneously, a garden was taking shape. All the rubble from the building operations went to strengthen and level the ground running down to the river-bank. And while Jack Lawrence, chauffeur turned farmworker turned builder, was working on the house, Mary and her mother were planting trees and shrubs and laying out lawns and flower-beds.

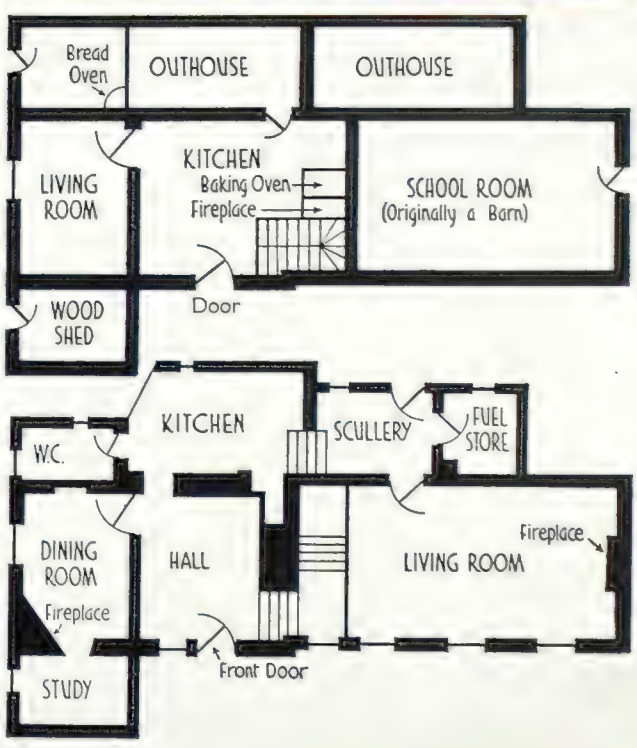
Then came the inside jobs.

For these, plans were drawn up by Richard Lovett-Turner, a young farmer with the unusual qualification of four years' architectural training. The labour force employed was

WITH 1957 COMFORT...

Pictures by Deighton Wilkes

This was the Robinsons' plan to convert the old cottage and barn-cum-schoolroom into a graceful house of mellow Cotswold stone. The conversion turned it back-to-front—the cottage kitchen became a hall; outhouses were converted into the new kitchen, scullery and fuel store



practically a cross-section of U.N.O.: a Pole, a Dane, a German ex-p.o.w., students from Cirencester Agricultural College, and an Australian cousin—all amateurs at the jobs they tackled.

Biggest change of all was the fitting of a new first floor into the old schoolhouse. A hardboard partition wall was built parallel to the main wall between cottage and schoolroom and a staircase built between from ground to first floor.

("*Nobody's died for so long,*" *said builder Lawrence, conductor of Chedworth's Silver Band,* "*that I can let you have some genuine coffin elm for the staircase.*")

Two bedrooms and a bathroom, their windows arched by the three external gables, occupy the new first floor of the old barn-cum-schoolhouse. The two bedrooms of the original cottage were altered so that a small bathroom could be added.

On the ground floor is the long, low drawing-room. At its far end is the fireplace built of locally quarried stone.

From the drawing-room, shallow steps and an arched doorway—knocked out of the old dividing wall—lead into the hall which was once the cottage kitchen. Here was the old back door, now replaced by the french windows.

On the left of the hall is the dining-room, which has an arch leading to the small alcove converted from the coal shed.

HAPPY SNOW JUMPERS

FOR HER: a jacket of many colours . . .

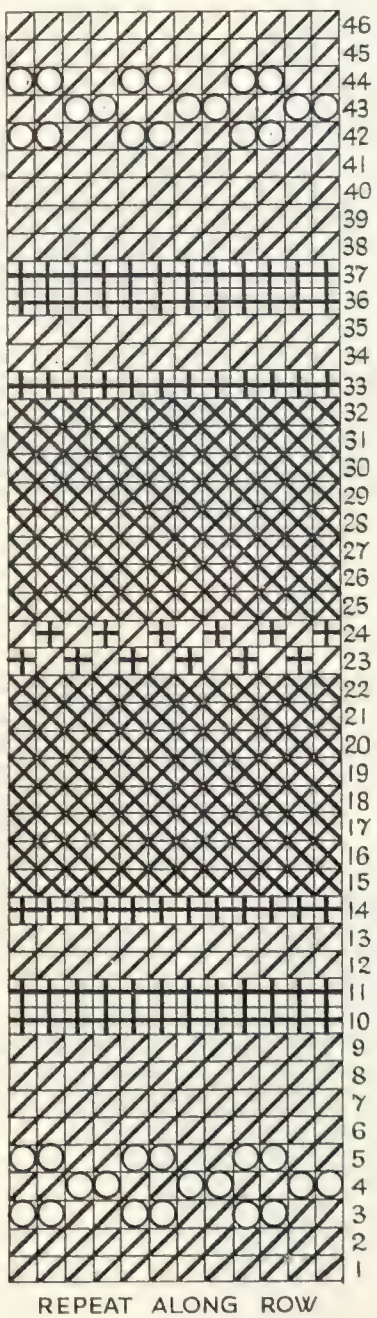
MATERIALS: 20 oz. Black wool of Golden Eagle "Chunkynit," also 8 oz. Red, 4 oz. Yellow, 2 oz. Blue; 1 pair each of Nos. 3 and 7 knitting needles; 10 buttons.

Measurements: To fit up to size 37-in. bust; length, 26 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins. *Tension:* 3 sts. and 4½ rows to 1 in. on No. 3 needles.

Abbreviations for both patterns: K., knit; p., purl; st.st., stocking stitch which is k. 1 row, p. 1 row alternately; in(s)., inch(es); inc., increase; dec., decrease; tog., together; cont., continue; beg., beginning; m.c., main colour; c.c., contrast colour.

Note: Sleeves are worked from the shoulder downwards. Join shoulder seams —carefully matching patt. Measure 10 ins. down each side from shoulder seams at armhole edge, and put coloured marker threads.

DIAGRAM FOR JACKET



BACK

With No. 3 needles and Black wool, cast on 72 sts. in st.st., starting with a k. row at Row No. 1 of diagram, work two complete patterns (92 rows) straight. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

With No. 3 needles and Black wool cast on 72 sts. In st.st., starting with a p. row at Row No. 1 of diagram, work straight until Row 31 is completed.

Shape Neck: * Still keeping continuity of colour pattern :

1st row: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of row, k. to end.

2nd row: P.

3rd row: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of row, k. to end.

4th row: P.

5th row: Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of row, k. to end.

6th row: P. Work two rows without shaping.

Next row: K. 2 tog., k. to end (60 sts.). Work 4 rows without shaping. This completes 44 rows of pattern. Cast off *.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 3 needles and Black wool cast on 72 sts. In st.st., starting with a k. row at Row No. 1 of diagram, work straight until Row 31 is completed. Now work as Left Front from * to *, reversing all shapings.

SLEEVES (2)

With No. 3 needles and Black wool, with right side facing, pick up and k. 64 sts. evenly between marker threads. Counting this as Row No. 1 of diagram, cont. in pattern and st.st. but shape sleeve as follows :

Work 5 rows. Dec. each end of next and every following 6th row until 44 sts. remain. Work 8 rows.

Cuff: Change to No. 7 needles and Black wool.

Next row: (K. 2 tog., k. 4), repeat to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. (36 sts.). Cont. in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 3 ins. (or longer if desired). Cast off ribwise.

COLLAR

With No. 7 needles and Black wool. With right side facing starting at centre front, pick up and k. 25 sts. along right front neck edge ; 26 sts. across back neck, and 25 sts. along left front neck edge (76 sts.).

Next row: Inc. in first st., p. 3, * inc. in next st., p. 3 *. Repeat along row from * to *, inc. in last st. (96 sts.). Cont. working in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 5½ ins. Cast off ribwise.

Back Welt: With No. 7 needles and Black wool, with right side facing, pick up and k. 76 sts. along lower edge of back. Work 4 ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Cast off ribwise.

Front Welt (2): With No. 7 needles and Black wool, with right side facing, pick up and k. 40 sts. along lower edge of front. Work 4 ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Cast off ribwise.

Left Front Button Band: With No. 7 needles and Black wool, cast on 6 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib until Band measures from lower edge of welt, up to top of collar, slightly stretched. Cast off.

Right Front Buttonhole Band: With No. 7 needles and Black wool, cast on 6 sts. and work as for other band, but make 10 evenly spaced buttonholes. The first buttonhole to come on 5th and 6th rows and the last to come on 4th and 5th rows from the top, as follows :

1st row: K. 1, p. 1, cast off 2 sts., k. 1, p. 1.

2nd row: K. 1, p. 1, cast on 2 sts., k. 1, p. 1.

TO MAKE UP

Join side and sleeve seams, matching patterns with back stitching. Join button bands to fronts up to the top of the collar, with edge to edge seam. Darn in all ends. Press well with damp cloth. Sew on buttons.

FOR HIM: a new line in casual wear

MATERIALS: 28 (29) oz. Golden Eagle "Chunkynit" Yellow and 2 oz. Black; 1 pair each Nos. 5 and 1 knitting needles. Small amount of White double knitting wool for embroidery. *Measurements:* To fit up to a size 38 (40) chest; length, 24 (25) ins.; sleeve seam 18 (19) ins. *Tension:* 3 sts. and 4½ rows to 1 square in. on No. 1 needles. Figures in brackets refer to larger size.

The sweater is knitted by beg. at lower front edge, working over the shoulder and down the back, finishing at lower back edge. Sleeves are worked by picking up and k. sts. at shoulder and working downwards.

FRONT

Pocket Linings (2): With No. 5 needles cast on 20 sts. Work 20 rows in st.st. Break wool and leave on spare needle. With No. 5 needles, and m.c. cast on 64 sts. Work 3 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Join in c.c. and in st.st. work 4 rows. Change to m.c. and work 12 rows. Change to c.c. and work 3 rows.

Next row: With c.c., p. 3, cast off 20 sts. knitwise, p. 18, cast off 20 sts. knitwise, p. 3.

Next row: Change to No. 1 needles and m.c. K. 3, k. across 20 sts. (on spare needle) of pocket lining, k. 18, k. across 20 sts. of other pocket lining, k. 3.

Cont. working in st.st. inc. each end of 13th and every following 12th row until 70 sts. Work straight until work is 14 (15) ins. from beg., 42 (46) rows from contrast band. Mark each end of row with coloured thread to indicate start of armhole.

Shape Neck Opening: With right side facing, k. 24 sts. Put next 22 sts. on to holder. Turn, and work on this side first. Work straight in st.st. for 10 ins. (45 rows). Leave sts. on holder.

Join wool at neck edge and work other side to match, ending with a p. row (46 rows). (*Continued on page* 84)

CHAIRS ARE

New materials, new ideas

the living room and to new

warns John Frayn Turner,

CHAIRS WITH MONROE CURVES: *that is the trend this Winter. Some designs seem extreme—like the American marshmallow sofa on the right, a crazy mixed-up confection of round pads and tubing. Be wary of designs such as this. The rest are restful, if not exactly cosy. Try them. They cater for comfort and you will soon get used to the strange shape.*

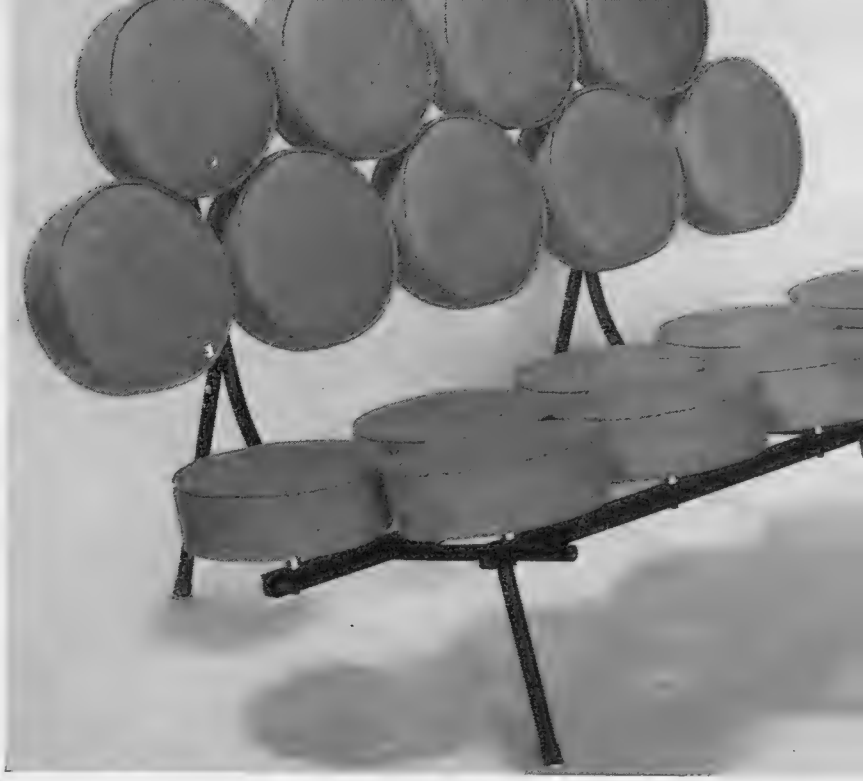
Remember though—an armless chair is a nuisance when you need support for an elbow. And a low back is no good for resting a weary head.

As the shapes of chairs to come are changing, so are the ingredients. Fibre-glass, steel, foam plastic and spring webbing . . . gone are the days of leather and horsehair. And on the whole it is an improvement. Photographs: Council of Industrial Design.

Restful point about the Heron is the spine supporting cushion at the base of the back. The chair has a steel frame, foam plastic cushions. Designed and made by Ernest Race. £28 12s.

CHANGING...

lead to a new look in standards of comfort—but, beware of the "gimmick"



—SO IS THE SOFA!

This alarming, if ingenious, design comes from America, and it is not on sale here—yet. Components are eighteen marshmallows of foam plastic, plywood discs, steel tubes, chromium plate. Result : courting couple's nightmare

Contrasting upholstery emphasizes the curves here. Seat is foam rubber; back is padded with rubberized hair. Designer: Milne. Maker: Heal. £20.

Glass—without care. This moulded-for-comfort shell is made of glass fibre, cellulosed any colour you could want. Legs are black metal. Designer: Aidron Duckworth. Maker: Kandya. Price: £10 10s.

Bleached wickerwork, foam rubber cushions make the Mambo. It has iron frame and legs. Designed and made by Michael Inchbald £16 10s.

FASHION, edited by ANNE de COURCY • Photographs by George Miles

Above: on the left, organza matelassé printed in black and dark, rich blue makes this John Selby Individual short evening dress. £21 from Chanelle, Knightsbridge; William Henderson, Liverpool. Above right, dance dress by Frank Usher covers up for cocktails with a wide, picture-neckline bolero fastening under the bust. In tinsel brocade, bronze and gold or green and gold, dress £23 2s., bolero £6 16s. 6d. from Peter Jones, Sloane Square; Leaders, Leeds

Right: this Winter, Paris says chiffon—for tall or short, dark or fair, for a long dress or a short one. Helpmate to a romantic evening is this interpretation of the chiffon party dress by Susan Small. It has a classic swathed bodice, straight-falling skirt and—today's darling—floating chiffon streamers from its elegant neckline. In café-au-lait, myrtle green, and black, price £29 18s. 6d., from Woollands, Knightsbridge; Griffin & Spalding, Nottingham

SIX VARIATIONS ON A...

. . . DANCETIME THEME

Far left: brocade dress by London Town in cream-smooth shades of oatmeal, sashed in turquoise silk organza under the high bustline. £17 6s. 6d. from Bourne & Hollingsworth, Oxford Street; Kendal Milne, Manchester. Dolcis gold kid sandals, £3 19s. 11d. Left: Carnegie make this white cotton lace dress sparked by a brilliant cummerbund in pink, rose, peacock or kingfisher blue satin. £4 9s. 6d. from Fifth Avenue, Regent Street; John Sellright, Coventry. Dolcis white satin shoes, £2 19s. 11d., and bag, £2 5s. 11d. Maxwell Croft's silver blue mink stole

Right: full-skirted splendour for a grand evening in this Sambo dress of Sekers brocade. Delicate, romantic pattern of pale pinks and blues on a pearly background and side-swung fullness show a feeling for the faint stripes and panniered skirts of eighteenth-century France. The two-layered bodice trimming and shoestring shoulder straps are blue satin. £11 0s. 6d., from John Sellright, Coventry; Owen Owen, Liverpool. Filmstar accessory is a white fox stole by Maxwell Croft, Bond Street

AN EVE EXCLUSIVE

WE LOOK IN ON

. . . and present a frank report on the most controversial man in the world

by Margaret Cowan

THE lunch canteen at Shepperton Studios had almost emptied. "He's left, Miss," said the cashier by the door, "gone back to studio two. The Chaplin film. They start again at two fifteen."

I remembered the strict security measures to keep everyone off the set; Chaplin's refusal to give interviews; that Fleet Street had at last given up and let him get on with it.

The big studio door was closed, but the red bulb above it was unlit. They had not started yet. I slipped in, and strolled around. There were several sets in the huge studio, but the cameras were focused on a big desk with a microphone on it. That was the next scene for rehearsal and shooting.

A minute later Chaplin strode in. A dapper man, with a superbly cut black coat flung on his shoulders. Abundant white hair and penetrating blue eyes—the attention of every person in that studio was riveted on that small, assured figure.

From that moment the atmosphere was electric. Compare it to the three minutes before the curtain goes up for the overture at Covent Garden. I was watching rehearsal and shooting of film by the most dynamic director in the world. I want to convey that excitement to you—it was fabulous.

Chaplin is hypnotic. He inspires complete confidence. You find yourself wanting to do little things for him. At most studios people lounge around, or play cards, or talk in little groups—to pass the time while waiting for their turn. Not so on the Chaplin film. Everyone is fully at attention. Waiting to hear the great man speak; learning all the time.

"Even if you have only one line to say," said one actor, "You will have learned something important."

EVERY single thing and every single part is supervised personally by the maestro.

"*Sing* your words," he cried, "every sentence has its own meaning." And he showed them how.

"You must be funny in your mind, not physically." And he shows you what he means.

Every person on the set is under Chaplin's hypnotic influence.

"Isn't he wonderful to work with?" cried **Dawn Addams,** his leading lady, "aren't we lucky to be working for him?"

Said actor **Hugh McDermott**, "we are giving the finest performance of our careers."

How does it feel to be a legend in one's lifetime? You won't get the answer from Chaplin himself; "My work belongs to the public—my life is my own private affair."

Chaplin is sixty-seven. That makes forty-three years in motion pictures, from the silent days of the Keystone comedies to this year's *A King In New York*, just finished but not yet in general release. Forty-three years in the public eye—and

CHAPLIN'S SECRET FILM

◂ 1916—THE PEOPLE'S CLOWN

yet Chaplin remains a mystery man. Even his oldest and closest friends do not claim to know him well. Like Garbo, he wants to be alone, yet there is no other public figure whose actions, both public and private, have lead to fierce controversy —from his social and political opinions to his four marriages with very young girls.

In his own field Chaplin is a genius, and not even his fiercest critics deny his great art.

For years his origins remained obscure, and he chose neither to confirm nor deny widely conflicting accounts about his birthplace and antecedents.

He was born in London. His parents were small-time variety artists. When they separated, he and Sydney, his half-brother, lived in incredible poverty with their mother whose health had broken under ceaseless work and hardships.

At one time, all they had in their cold attic room was one mattress on the floor where the three of them slept.

His father died a pauper in St. Thomas's Hospital while Charlie waited outside sobbing. He stood looking up at the same window when he returned triumphantly to London from Hollywood many years later.

HIS mother had an uncanny knack of mimicry and the gift of minute observation. Charlie learned from her—and laid the foundations of his superlative miming. She taught him dancing, and he earned his first pennies by dancing in the streets.

A job and security became the most important things in life. Sydney found both as a successful stage comedian and later Charlie joined him in the same company—run by Fred Karno who owned a string of music halls and several troupes of players.

In 1910 Chaplin was booked for an American variety circuit. Three years later came a film offer which trebled his salary. A year later he was earning ten times as much.

The Chaplin vogue had caught on.

He was on the crest of the wave. But fame and money did not affect his art or his outlook. He never forgot the poverty and humiliation of his childhood. It gave him a life-long sympathy for the underdog.

Three hundred million people have seen each Chaplin comedy. His mime is understood by every race from a Zulu to a Chinese.

During the first World War Chaplin asked the British Embassy in Washington what he should do to help the war effort. "Keep on making pictures" he was told.

Charlie, the Eternal Tramp in a shrunken coat, drooping trousers, enormous old shoes splayed out in a penguin walk and too-small bowler hat, stands immortally for the meek of the earth. The twirling cane is the symbol of the little man's dignity and defiance in the face of a cold and hostile world.

Even in his early years he had periods of detachment when he was withdrawn and aloof. Perhaps it is from these that he generates the immense vitality which allows him to be writer, director, producer and musical composer of the films in which he stars.

Like his own Tramp, Chaplin has chased the will o' the wisp of love, and reaped the full of public condemnation of his not-so-private affairs.

In 1918 he met golden-haired, sixteen-year-old **Mildred Harris.** Four months later they were married.

It lasted barely a year, Mildred wanted to be an actress ; Charlie wanted a wife in the home. She signed a contract all the same, and filled the house with film people. Chaplin stopped coming there.

His second wife was **Lita Grey**—sixteen again, a film extra, very poor, with a bumptious animal beauty, a Mexican. She, her mother and her grandmother moved in—and Chaplin soon realized he had made another mistake. He was now thirty-five.

His two divorces cost two fortunes and much hostile publicity. Headlines screeched that there was no milk for Lita's babies. "The only milk she wants," said Chaplin bitterly, "is that she can mulct from me."

"The very morons who worshipped Charlie Chaplin six weeks ago," wrote H. L. Mencken, "now prepare to dance round the stake while he is burned : he is learning something of the psychology of the mob."

Wife number three was **Paulette Goddard**. He met her when she was twenty-three—positively ancient compared with his usual choice—but nobody knows exactly when they were married. They parted in 1940, amiably. Three years later, he married **Oona O'Neill,** eighteen-year-old daughter of Eugene O'Neill, the playwright. Their home now is in Switzerland, with the three children of the marriage. America no longer wants Chaplin—and he no longer wants America.

Chaplin's eyes are the most extraordinary thing about him. An intense blue, they are vividly alive and young. My belief is that they will remain young till the end of his days.

Once you have met Chaplin, you cannot believe that he has said his last word. Like Churchill and others of the same stature, you feel that he will have a great deal more to give to the world. I wait impatiently to see this latest film.

1956—A GARBO ▸

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I KILLED a woman two years ago. It is something I don't mention much. I would really like to forget it. *But my experience could be yours—if you drive.*

The woman I knocked down was old—seventy-seven. She was deaf and her sight was poor. I didn't find that out until she was dead.

There were no witnesses. *I was the last person to see her alive—a frail black bundle tossed into the air before she disappeared below the front of the car.*

It was a winter's evening; a Sunday. I was driving home after taking my two and a half year old daughter, Lesley, to tea with friends.

It was about half past six and dark.

WE were driving along a stretch of dual carriageway. The car was in the centre of the track. Nothing behind, nothing in front. As safe as could be, you may think.

Lesley was tired. Before setting out for home I had pushed back the front passenger seat and made up a little bed for her on the floor of the car. She was asleep as we rolled at about thirty miles an hour down the slight incline from the traffic lights behind.

The road was lit by overhead gas lamps. Visibility was adequate. The slightly shadowy bits half-way between the hanging lights had not caused me concern—so far. There was no need to have the headlights on. I could see all right.

I had no particular thoughts about the road, or the lighting. *Everything was all right, you see.*

My eyes were instinctively scanning the pavement and road twenty, thirty yards ahead. There was no one about. Lesley slept.

Suddenly, not three yards ahead of the car, I saw a tiny black shadow, moving from left to right. It was hunched up. The head was down. I thought I was "seeing things" but my reactions were all right.

My foot slammed on the brake pedal. The tyres shrieked. I swung the car towards the centre verge—away from the shadow.

But the little black figure that I had first seen directly in front of my near-side headlamp, continued to scuttle across the road.

SO in her last second or so of life the old woman's position in relation to the car remained the same. She stayed directly in its path.

A ton and a half of moving metal hit her. I don't suppose she weighed much above six stone. I never saw her face—alive. She never looked up. I don't think she knew anything about it.

The low front of the car hit and smashed her legs first, so I learnt at the inquest. It is a typical injury.

Then the nearside headlamp smacked into her and broke off. She was flung into the air. Her old head smashed down on the car bonnet and made a big dent.

YOU CAN GET CAR DENTS REPAIRED.

Then she went down from sight. The tyres were still screaming. The car stopped up against the centre verge. All wheels had been locked. It couldn't have pulled up any quicker.

And, of course, the whole incident only lasted three or four seconds.

I GOT out. I can almost see myself getting out. *I shall always be able to see it.* Because it was difficult to realize that this was happening to me. This was something that you read of happening to someone else.

I looked back along the road. It was empty.

I found her at the front of the car. She was jammed under the front axle and had been swept along the road. It needed only one look. She was dead.

Like a great many of the world wars generations, I had seen people who died violently before. This was different.

This was someone who had been wiped out on a peaceful suburban road on a Sunday evening. And two feet from where the body lay, Lesley, with only two years of life behind her, slept.

The shock, the overwhelming sense of

ARTHUR W. JACOBS

killed a woman . . .

He writes a story

he wants to forget

to focus on road

accidents—and a plan to cut them down

THESE SENSELESS DEATHS!

bewilderment I experienced in the minutes following the accident are not important. It probably happens to everyone in such circumstances.

My predicament was slightly unusual in that there was no one about. No one saw the accident. I was there with a body and a sleeping child.

I hesitated to leave the car to look for a phone. Speed could not help the old woman, I knew.

But at the back of my mind was a vague picture of Lesley perhaps getting out of the car alone and seeing the body. I could not risk that happening.

When I looked at her she was lying on her little bed with her eyes open. She asked why we had stopped. I said something to satisfy her.

I was about to take her out in my arms and get help when some people came along—police, firemen, ambulance. *The routine for death on the road had started.*

THE police could not have been more kind and understanding. The story was written on the road in black rubber, broken glass and blood.

They washed all that away eventually. The picture in my mind is more permanent. I did not know whom I had killed until the next morning when I saw a small newspaper paragraph about it. The headline was "Killed with Bible in hand." The old woman had been on her way to church.

How did it happen? Perhaps it is hard for anyone else to understand; but I KNOW she was invisible until she was directly in front of the car.

There was a side road on the left which joined the dual carriageway at right angles. The road was just halfway between the main street lamps. It was not dark at the junction. But it was slightly shadowy—or less bright.

As my car was approaching the side road the old woman was hurrying along it—completely out of sight until she reached the main highway.

SHE was dressed in dull black from head to foot. Her head was tucked down: not even a face to relieve the blackness.

Hard of hearing, poor of sight, unthinking, she hastened to her death with never an upward glance.

It must have been like a stage illusion. Her dull clothing reflected no light. My gaze had already swept the width of pavement that she must cross; and the variation in light, combined with her clothing, prevented me seeing her "out of the corner of my eye."

She came into my vision when it was already nearly too late. Her unwitting counter to my avoiding swerve frittered away a precious second.

There is no end to self-analysis when you kill someone like this. The chain of events that lead up to it can be traced back to fantastic lengths. You see every little action or decision for days past as a little piece falling into place until, finally, the pre-arranged pattern of death is complete.

It is ridiculous. But you can't help doing it.

Probably 5,526 people did it last year. For that was the number killed on Britain's roads. Just look at the overall figures. We won't go into details: *Dead*—5,526; *seriously injured*—62,106; *slightly injured*—200,290. *Total*—267,922.

By some unhappy choice of words the Ministry of Transport booklet on road accidents calls it a "grand total." Grisly total would be more appropriate. Of the casualties, 48,710 were children. And 764 of them died.

IF there were an easy answer to it, something would have been done. Better roads—an obvious remedy—cost money. And ever since Winston Churchill had his original thought of using road taxation for general revenue purposes when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer thirty years ago, there has been precious little spent on roads.

Yet motorists and transport concerns pay about £400,000,000 a year to the government for what is laughingly called the Road Fund. (*Continued overleaf*)

STOP THESE SENSELESS DEATHS!

(Continued from previous page)

And we all bear some responsibility for not refusing to vote for any parliamentary candidate whose party programme did not include immediate and major road development.

Is there anyone in the country who is not affected by the state of the roads? Come to think of it, a Queen's Highway Party might capture an embarrassing number of votes with a sincere and sensible pledge for better roads.

Better roads would make it more difficult for us to kill and maim each other. It would not stop us doing it.

No one class of road user is to blame. The motorist gets more harshly judged because he handles what has sometimes been called the lethal weapon. But whether we are motorist, cyclist or pedestrian we have all been guilty of thoughtless or inconsiderate behaviour on the roads.

Everyone has. And there are so many of us that when only a small fraction of the total bad manners leads to accident the figures are staggering.

THE answer to it, in the face of government ineptitude, may lie in stiffer penalties.

More use of suspension of licence as punishment could have a sharp effect on motorists. If everyone knew that for speeding, or any of the many minor infringements of road laws they might lose their licence—or better still *would* lose it—for one, two or three months they would be less willing to risk it.

This is not speculation. Severity of punishment *IS* a deterrent. There are certain towns that are well known to motorists for the magistrates' attitude to driving offences. Drivers do take special care in these places.

And pedestrians who ignore traffic rules; cyclists who refuse to use cycle lanes on main highways, or who ride two or three abreast in confined roads and resent even the most tentative toot. FINE THE LOT.

Impound bicycles for a week or months to equate with the motorists' licence suspension.

Only by getting tough with ourselves can any real impression be made on the casualty lists which look like those of a world war.

Let us spare a thought for those who don't die. There was a little girl of seven—the age of my elder daughter—who today limps around with an artificial leg. A lorry crushed the real one into a gritty road.

She was a pretty little child who made light of her injury, according to the judge who heard her claim for compensation. But what an agony of lost birthright is before that child. Can her comeliness of face and figure offset the presence of a leg of metal and springs and hinges? Can she run a race at school? Play games on equal terms with others? Can she one day walk a holiday beach in the glory of her womanhood? Dance without kind friends thinking how brave she is to carry on as though she were like other girls?

AND if she does marry, can she ever be sure that pity did not strengthen her husband's love?

And yet her accident may not have been anyone's fault. The human element in road accidents cannot be controlled by law, so in that sense there will always be true accidents. But when the best has been made of our sorry roads, the legal consequences of thoughtlessness should be made so severe that everyone will think twice before taking a chance. It is the second thought that often shows up the folly of the first.

There was a pathetic little sequel to my own accident.

A few weeks later—just before Christmas—a letter in unfamiliar handwriting reached me. It was from an old lady—a friend of the one I killed.

She hoped I would not mind her writing but she had been unwell and could not attend the inquest. She wanted me to know that she was sure it had not been my fault. Her old friend had narrowly escaped being knocked down at the same spot before—in daylight.

She was writing in the hope that the knowledge would allow me to have a happier Christmas than I might have had otherwise.

I felt like crying. But it was too late for tears. It always is.

EVE—an apology

Up and up go the sales of EVE. And more and more readers who have bought the magazine in the past find that their newsagent no longer has a spare copy.

Plans are being made for printing extra copies. In the meantime please accept my apologies.

If you know of anyone who has difficulty in obtaining EVE regularly, please write to me and I will do my best to see she gets priority.

THE EDITOR

The "wear with all" silk shirt

EVE EXCLUSIVE—a 100 per cent silk blouse-cum-shirt. Could be your all-day-long blouse, perfect partner to a trim skirt; or it could be part of your take-it-easy outfit, worn casually outside. Four soft, bright colours to choose from—pink, blue or turquoise and natural. Sleeves are full, tapering down to a buttoned band and the two side vents are topped by a buttoned tab

★ ★ ★

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TRUE TO

"I can't throw away seven

years," he said. "I must go on"

LIFE

a new short story

by BARBARA BARRY

FROM the rain scarred window of her living room Judith Miles looked down at the man on the wet pavement far below. She loved him. And he was married to her sister.

It was the sort of thing that happened in books or to people you gossiped about. Now it had happened to her—and to Philip whom she'd admired and respected long before she came to love him.

He stood in the drizzling rain, motionless, oblivious. His thin sensitive face was hidden but his shoulders —usually so straight—seemed to droop as though the enormity of being disloyal to Alicia was too much for them.

She saw him fumble for his keys and stand there looking at them for a moment. Then he walked over to the car. She watched until he disappeared into the traffic.

In the room behind her the telephone started to ring. Its jangle ripped the silence, tore into the tiny world that still enclosed her. She waited, lost in the close, warm oasis, reluctant to be called away from it.

But the jangle went on. Each recurring alarum scraped a nerve. With a hand that was not quite steady she picked up the receiver and recognized the voice of her sister, Philip's wife, at the other end of the line. "*Judy, is that you? Judy!*"

She took a deep breath and gripped the receiver and her voice when she spoke was steady: "Alicia, isn't it? How are you?"

"I want to see you, Judy. Are you alone?"

Judith cast a quick glance round the room where Philip's presence still seemed to linger. A sad quirk twitched her mouth and she said calmly: "Quite alone, why?"

"I want to see you. You sound queer—are you still there, Judy?" Alicia's voice rose and fell in a whimper that was becoming all too much part of her. "There's something I want to talk over with you. I can't explain on the phone—it's a good opportunity, Philip won't be home till late."

☆ ☆ ☆

Philip won't be home till late! Judith dug the palm of her hand on to a corner of the table and felt the sharp edge bite her flesh.

The words opened for a moment a window on everyday intimacy.

"Is it all right for me to come round?" urged Alicia impatiently.

"Yes. Yes, come now if you want to. I shall be here," answered Judith quietly.

Rain flayed the window in ever increasing gusts. The room was exactly as it had been when Philip left. His half smoked cigarette was still in the ash tray. A cushion bore the indent of his head. But it was no longer a quiet oasis of privacy. The outside world pressed against it, eager to invade. Philip's wife was on her way.

On her desk lay the manuscript of a story she'd been writing when Philip came: the old story of unhappy marriage and the other woman. She sat down and unscrewed the cap of her pen with calm deliberation.

This time the ending wouldn't be the usual contrived sop to satisfy a convention. A man wouldn't be made to stay meekly with a wife he no longer loved and who no longer tried to make him happy. He would go away with the woman who wanted him; to whom his happiness was all. *This time the ending would be true to life.*

☆ ☆ ☆

She sat, pen held stiffly in her fingers, and thought of Alicia already on the way.

What was it Alicia wanted so urgently to talk about? Had she, with the uncanny instinct of the never quite well, discerned what Judith and Philip had only just acknowledged to themselves?

Their love had come upon them so quietly. Encouraged by an interest in music that Alicia couldn't—or wouldn't —share, fused by unspoken understanding of Alicia's moodiness, it grew, unsought and unconfessed—until this afternoon. Then for a few hours Alicia and loyalty had been forgotten.

Had she guessed?

IT was impossible to tell from her voice on the phone. She was always querulous and impatient.

The bell rang—three quick, nervous jabs.

"Judith, I had to see you."

Alicia's delicate features were drawn with lines of discontent. She tossed down her gloves and shook the rain drops from her soft, fair hair, frowned at her reflection in the mirror.

"I look a hag and feel a shrew," she muttered irritably.

"You look very pretty," murmured Judith automatically. "Sit down and relax."

Philip's chair, its cushion freshly plumped, waited. Alicia stared at it for a moment or two, her blue eyes vacant. Then she drifted about the room, a slender columbine, blown by the fitful breeze of her changing humours.

She stared at the reproduction Van Gogh over the desk as though it were newly exciting and not a three-year-old gift from (*Continued overleaf*)

TRUE TO LIFE

(Continued from previous page)

herself and Philip. She even fingered the manuscript, her fingers plucking idly at the pages, her gaze in space.

"What is it?" asked Judith at last her own taut nerves quickening with impatience though her voice was calm. "What is it you want to talk about?"

Alicia swung round on pin-point heels. She stood with her back to the window, hands outstretched, her slim figure framed against the darkening sky.

"It's Philip. We're drifting—every day we seem to grow farther apart," she moaned. "Judy—I want a child!"

"*Oh!*" To Judith's own ears the exclamation was too loud for the room.

But Alicia didn't appear to notice. "I ought to have one," she went on, moodily introspective. "It's too long. Seven years is too long without children. It would put things right—I'm sure it would."

JUDITH bent down to switch on the fire. The movement hid her face, disguised the tremor in her voice. "Does Philip want children then?" she asked quietly.

"I—I think he does. We don't talk about it now. But I think he does. We always hoped in the beginning we'd have a family. But they didn't come——" she faltered, staring at the scarlet tips of her slender fingers.

"But now, recently," insisted Judith.

Alicia flashed her a look of swift inquiry. "I've told you," she went on with a sigh of impatience, "we don't talk about it. We don't seem to talk about anything much—except the weather." She crouched in front of the fire as though to clutch its warmth. "We've grown apart. We're too polite to one another."

She threw back her head and her shoulders drooped. Her soft, fair hair fanned against her cheek. "It's my fault I suppose. I'm irritable and self-centred. Half the time I don't know what I want and the other half I can't get together enough energy to want anything."

HER fingers rasped against the black skirt tightly stretched across her slender thighs. "No wonder Philip's always glad to get away to the office. I've even wondered," she went on fearfully, "if there might be someone else."

Judith drew in her breath with a sharp little hiss. "You think there might be?"

For a moment or two Alicia stared at the fire. Lines of doubt puckered her forehead. "I don't know," she said at last. "I—I don't know. Oh, no, Judy, there isn't. You don't think there could be? He isn't that kind of man. *You* know that, don't you?"

Slowly Judith took a cigarette from the box on her desk. She stood looking at the match burn down till it scorched her fingers.

"He isn't that kind of man," cried Alicia. "He's fine and loyal, isn't he Judy? Judy, *you* know he is."

"Yes," agreed Judith, an odd note of bitterness in her voice. "He's fine and loyal."

"He—he wouldn't fall in love with someone else. He *wouldn't*, he isn't the kind of man who has furtive little affairs."

"No, that's true." Judith looked from her sister to the white pages of the manuscript on her desk. "If Philip has fallen in love with someone, he'll do it cleanly," she declared.

"JUDY!" Alicia's blue eyes went round with fear. "You mean he'd leave me?" she cried.

"Don't you think he would?" asked Judith, turning from the sight of her sister's anguished face.

"Oh, no—no. I never thought of that," moaned Alicia. "I never imagined it could come to that." She hid her face in the palms of her hands. "And all the time I have this devastating feeling of guilt. That it's my fault we don't have children." She shivered as a sudden noisy gust hit the window. "That was why I wanted to talk to you——"

"Oh! What do you think I can do about it?"

"Judy! Don't talk like that."

"I'm sorry. What did you want to say?"

Alicia looked at her sister as though for the first time that afternoon she saw a person.

"They can do things today for childless women who want babies," she said slowly. "It might be some quite simple thing that prevents my having them—or it might mean an operation."

"I see." Judith's fingers slid stiffly over the arms of her chair. "And you're prepared then—if it's necessary—to have an operation to enable you to have a child?"

ALICIA shivered fastidiously. "I hate the idea," she admitted. "Oh, I know that's foolish, childish even. I'm a coward about illness. You know that, Judy. I always have been—and I show it. You're so cool and calm. You don't feel things as I do."

"*I* don't show it you mean," corrected Judith.

"Perhaps not. But you do think I ought to try and give Philip a child?" persisted the other girl.

"Suppose I said that a marriage that had to be bolstered to keep it from falling apart was not worth bolstering?" said Judith deliberately.

"*Judy!*" Then Alicia's gasp of incredulity relaxed into a smile. "No, you don't mean that. Your sense of values goes deeper than that." She sat back on her heels, head thrown back. "I knew that just being with you, Judy, would give me courage. Do you remember when I was small and had the mumps how you used to come and sit with me in the dark and tell me stories? That was what started you writing, wasn't it?"

"Yes," murmured Judith, "that's what started me writing."

Alicia stared (*Continued on page* 60)

Golden fiesta!

Here it is—specially created for the harassed hostess

FOR dinner party or festive occasion, you need not scorn that much ill-used sweet, ice-cream. Only for rabid enthusiasts is it *de rigeur* to flop a cold, shapeless hunk on to a cold white dish. But for the rest of us, here is a wonderful chance to let our imagination run riot.

For the experimenters there are the legion of sauces (preferably laced with liqueur) and blending various flavours with exciting fillings.

"But I haven't a fridge!" There is no need to despair, for ice-cream can be kept for *hours*. How? *Immediately it is bought, wrap well in a whole newspaper or a large piece of blanket, and put in the coolest corner of the larder. It will keep for three hours. If that is not long enough, use a wide-necked Thermos jar and it will be all right for five hours.*

☆ ☆ ☆

Never eat ice-cream when it is brick hard as you do not get the full flavour. The best time is when it is the consistency of soft butter.

On the right, Golden Fiesta especially created for the woman who entertains. The sponge flan and sauce can be made the day before; all that is needed between courses is to do a few minutes' decoration. This tempting sweet is enough for six to eight people.

☆ ☆ ☆

First make the sponge flan: put 2 eggs and 2 oz. castor sugar in a large basin standing over a pan of hot water, whisk together until thick and creamy. Remove from heat and fold in 2 oz. plain flour, sieved. Turn into a greased and floured 8-in. sponge flan tin, bake in a moderately hot oven (400 deg. F. Regulo 6) for fifteen minutes. Turn on to a wire rack and leave until cold.

Fiesta sauce: place grated rind and juice of one orange and juice of one 12 to 15-oz. can of pineapple in a measure, if necessary adding water to make up to ½ pint. Blend one level tablespoon of cornflour with this juice, bring to the boil, simmer for three to four minutes, stirring all the time. Add 1 tablespoon of orange curaçao and pineapple, previously cut into small pieces. Leave until cold.

Cover base of flan with a little sauce, and then fill with spoonfuls of Wall's vanilla ice-cream, using Family Brick size. Pour remaining sauce over the top and decorate with maraschino cherries. Serve at once.

[Photograph by Michael Murray]

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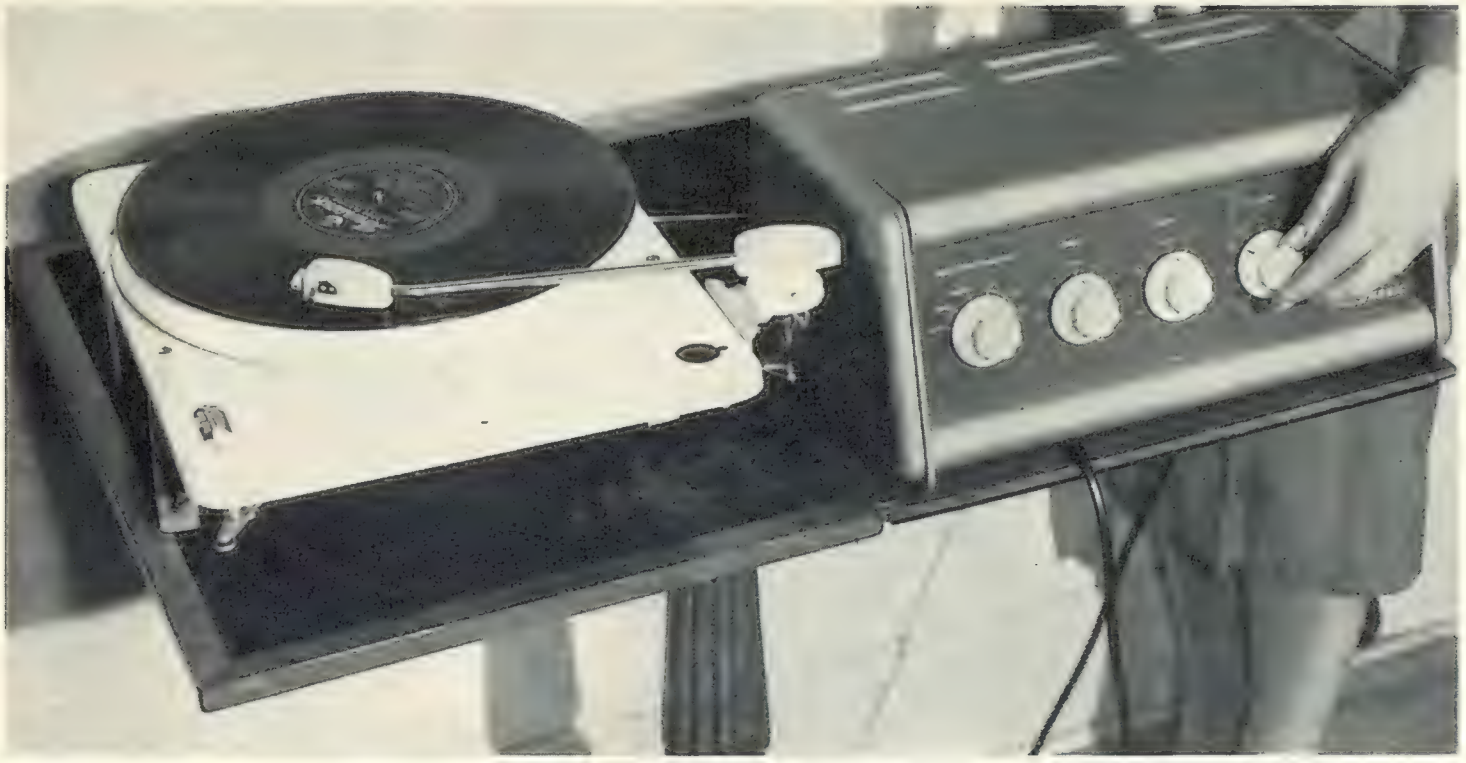


LOW-DOWN ON HI-FI

BY SIMON HARCOURT SMITH

Will it threaten TV's pitch as the family favourite?

"EIGHTY quid down the spout—that's what my TV set is," said the garageman fiercely. "The stuff they make you look at! I'm selling the thing—and d'you know what I'm buying? A long-playing gramophone! Only wish I could run to Hi-Fi!"

My garageman's cry epitomizes a revolution in entertainment which has suddenly carried languishing record business to fabulous heights of prosperity.

A generation ago, the first stroke of the electronic valve seemed likely to settle the gramophone's hash. Beside the raucous possibilities of "talkies" and radio, who wanted so Edwardian a contraption? Struggling to survive, the gramophone went electronic, married a wireless set, and was rechristened "radiogram."

DURING the thirties and forties, quality of reproduction improved. Yet drawbacks lingered; the shellac record could not render high notes without letting unwelcome mechanical noises sneak through as well; a twelve-inch side lasted perhaps 4½ minutes—a whole opera might involve twenty-four records; you were for ever replacing worn needles. Worst of all, radiograms were bulky and boxed in repulsive "period" coffins.

And today? Gone are the needle-changing, the mock-Sheraton, the dusty piles of record-albums. You can have high-fidelity reproduction in your drawing room for the cost of a medium-priced pre-war radiogram. Sound-reproduction must be one of the few luxuries which actually *COSTS LESS* today.

In this field of recorded sound, hardly one square inch has been left untouched by the technical revolution. Jewel-tipped styli and pick-ups so light they seem to float, have all but eliminated needle-changing and record-wear. A plastic called Vinylite has made possible the unbreakable microgroove long-playing record. Improvements in electronic circuits and the development of the multiple loudspeaker reproduce music not as a thick, glutinous sauce, but in a delicate combination of true sounds—brilliant, individual, fresh and crisp as a salad.

CONVENTIONAL gramophones boxed into cabinets often embody most of these technical improvements, but they cannot compete with Hi-Fi in reproducing sound almost indistinguishable from reality. Price is one limiting factor, but the ruling one is the difficulty of accommodating a sensitive amplifier and loudspeakers within one enclosure.

Of course, if you can't spend more than £50, there are self-contained gramophones, *the "Deccalian" or the Pamphonic "Westcott" for instance*, that will give you great pleasure. But if you can run to £70-£80, then plump for Hi-Fi. You will achieve almost perfect reproduction, and save space—everything but the loudspeaker can go into cupboards or the room next door.

A Hi-Fi set consists of a high-quality "transcription" player, an amplifier with its control panel or "pre-amplifier," and the multiple speakers. No record-changer is fitted to the player, for its pull would tend to cause the pick-up to jump the microgrooves of the record, while the fall and slip of one disc upon another is the surest way known of ruining the delicate Vinylite.

A great advantage in Hi-Fi is its flexibility. For each component, there exists at least five excellent makes, at varying prices. If you buy a *Connoisseur, Garrard, Collaro, Goldring,* or *Lenco* transciption motor, you may feel perfectly safe. For pick-up arms and cartridges—*Ortofon, Tannoy, Collaro, Burn-Jones, Ferranti, Leak, Ronette;* for amplifiers—*Pamphonic, Leak, Quad, Rogers, R.C.A., Sound Sales;* for loudspeakers *Tannoy Wharfedale, Pamphonic, Goodman.* (Prices vary from £28 for the Decca speaker to over £140 for the big Tannoy.

We use these components—Collaro 2010 motor with Collaro "Transcription" cartridge in Ronette "Fonofluid" pick-up, Pamphonic "1003" amplifier and Pamphonic "Junior Victor" multiple speakers. *For a total cost of about* £85 *it would be hard to find anything more perfect.*

OF course, if you like to spend some £250, you can improve on the quality of our set—but for the moderate income and the moderate-sized room, our combination seems an excellent basis.

Hi-Fi is like bringing binoculars into perfect focus after years of blurred image. Play the new "Anthology of Flamenco Song" (London TKL 93094-6). Flamenco parties have become expensive; the gipsies are rapacious, their thirsts heroic. But here the finest "flamenquistas" were in the room; you hear them take breath between each long trembling convolution of voice. And you are not forced continually to shell out hundred-peseta notes for more bottles of Rioja!

LET'S LOOK AT THE BEAUTY BUSINESS

The news is good for the girl who wants to go gay with the latest gimmicks

by GERALDINE GREY

IN the world of beauty, the creation of a great new perfume has the importance otherwise given to the arrival of an American musical or the Cup Final.

The house of **Guerlain,** one of the classic parfumeurs, hits beauty headlines with **Ode**—fresh and flowery, but long-lasting—the scent for a sophisticated wood nymph.

In a crystal bottle of classic design, the first price is £7 19s. 6d., largest size £21; for your handbag, a leather-jacketed phial for £3 comes later this month. Or there's Cologne, £1 2s., eau de toilette £2, and Lotion Vegetale (for hair friction) £2 10s.

NEW, too, is **Elizabeth Arden's Memoire Chérie**—just the answer for girls with a past who are still interested in the future. It's evocative, provocative, costs £6 4s. 6d. for a 1-oz. flagon (there are smaller sizes). The purse atomizer costs £3 3s.

For a country weekend, I like the quieter fragrance of a good Cologne. **Mellowed Leather, by Steiner,** sets just the right mood; it's priced at 13s. 9d. the bottle.

I'm one of those unfortunates whose lily hands fight a losing battle against the harshness of existence—meaning in this instance scratches, inkstains, cracks caused by the cold, roughness from too much hot water, or an excess of detergent in the weekly wash. "Protection, please!" is my cry—answered smartly by **Silicare, Revlon's** new medicated lotion. You rub it on to your hands to form an invisible glove which protects them from damage. At the same time, Silicare actually heals the cracks or blemishes caused by previous damage. It lasts through five hand-washings. The cost 8s. 9d.

Hair has always been a problem. Keeping it just so is an art, an industry, a delight—and a labour. And *anything* to cut labour short. So the save-time brigade will be delighted with **Gibb's** new shampoo—**Sunsilk.** The point here is that you need only one application of shampoo, instead of the usual shampoo-rinse-shampoo routine. It lathers first go, like the traditional meringue, cleaning your hair thoroughly but without removing that so-important natural oil. A sachet costs 9d.; tube containing enough for five shampoos, 2s. 3d.

MORE headline news—**Vaseline** shampoo now comes in an easy-to-open sachet. The corner rips off, so that you can pour out this old favourite straight into tumbler or palm, without tinkering about with a pair of scissors, or tugging vainly at a tough plastic container. And it still costs 7d.

"Do you smoke?" will soon cease to be an opening gambit and become a question you ask your girl friends on the quiet. For **Smoke,** the famous grey rinse, now comes in two other colours—**Smoke Deep Brunette,** and **Smoke Velvet Brown.** The first is the darkest, designed for mouse onwards, and the second is again for light brown hair and also for auburn or redheads. With both these shades, the deeper the colour you want, the less water you add to the mixture. Neither is a dye. They are applied after the hair has been washed, with a small, soft brush—and will wash out with every shampoo. The result is that the first few grey hairs are completely disguised, and the rich natural colour of your hair returns. A bottle, containing about three months' supply, costs 5s. 6d.

THE proof of honest toil is so often not a mink stole or solid gold Cadillac but a pair of grubby hands. Soap-in-a-tube, squeezed out like cold cream, is the new answer. Rub it well all over your hands and rub and rinse under the tap in the ordinary way. Next year's holiday note: it lathers just as well in salt water. The name is **Veldew,** and the handbag size tube costs 2s.

On the credit side, one of the Englishwoman's most fortunate assets is her

complexion. But, like a veil that enhances the eyes, the right powder casts a flattery over even the loveliest skin. **Innoxa's** new powder, prepared and blended to careful formula, has this light, elusive touch.

By a special technique, they have established a colour-grading standard that ensures each batch of powder, freshly-mixed, varies not one iota in shade from preceding batches. The box is redesigned, too, and the whole generous pack costs 7s. 4d.

For quick touch-ups to my make-up, or for those days when there just isn't *time* for the whole works, I find instant, powder-and-cream-in-one make-ups invaluable. The latest is **Satin Finish, by Bourjois.** There are four shades—all smooth, creamy, and sweet-smelling. The price is 4s. 6d., refills 3s.

SINCE small-childhood, the bathroom has always been my favourite room in the house. Now, alas, celluloid ducks are pushed to one side, nailbrushes are no longer enemy submarines and cosmetics have replaced a flotilla of wooden boats on the bathroom shelves. But the leisurely bath hour is still fun. New fancy for the last five minutes is a delicious rub-all-over lotion, called Body-Lo to send me to bed feeling soothed and smoothed. It's to keep your skin in good soft order and as well as sorting out rough elbows or heels, it's useful for legs that "flake" from too much wind and weather in the summer.

By **Beauty Counselors,** the cost is 6s. 11d. or 10s. 2d. per bottle. (For the name of your nearest Beauty Counselor, write to their head office at 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

Also on the shelf goes **Check, Goya's** new anti-perspirant and deodorant. It's in stick form, packed in a neat yellow plastic case which travels well and costs 5s. It's easy to apply, does the job well —and we all agree the job's a necessity. Check?

Delia Collins, the well-known beauty specialist, times her new treatment to coincide with the party going-and-giving season. Her Six O'Clock Cocktail consists of a consultation, a treatment (deep cleanse and massage) and a fresh make-up leaves you fit to face the most strenuous evening.

YOU can make your appointment at 40 Sloane Street for 5, 5.30 or 6 p.m., so that you relax for one glorious hour of uncrowded life before the wheels start turning again.

During the treatment you can bombard Mrs. Collins with questions about your skin type, preparations needed to care for it, and indeed any other beauty problems. They will all be answered fully and helpfully. The cost of the Six O'Clock Cocktail is £2 2s., whereas, ordinarily, a treatment costs £2 2s. and consultation £1 1s.

Word-of-warning department—if you're a sore-throat sufferer, try the new sweet way to a cure. **Tunes,** made by **Mars,** are cherry-coloured, cherry-tasting pastilles that contain throat-soothing ingredients and cost 6d. a packet. In fact they taste nice—do you good.

THE DUKE, SIR TV . . .

✻ Handsome Douglas Fairbanks is the mystery man of London society. He abhors publicity ; refuses to talk about himself ; keeps his private life a closely guarded secret. Now, following an exclusive interview with Fairbanks, EVE is privileged to answer many important questions. We can tell you WHY one of his dinner parties for the Queen upset the Duke of Edinburgh. . . .

. . . AND EVE

WHY "Sir" Douglas and his gracious wife have made their home in London. WHY the son of a multi-millionaire has to work for a living. This brilliant profile of Sir TV, by Elizabeth Millar Gow, written specially for EVE, will fascinate thousands of women. Make sure of your copy now.

WINE & FOOD

✻ *EVE'S GOOD FOOD CLUB—devoted to the art of living well on a limited income—has been welcomed by amateur gourmets everywhere. Next month, with Christmas just around the corner, there will be even more sparkling, down-to-earth pages of food and wine —including: home-made candy: world-guide to liqueurs and a wonderful ice pudding.*

☆ ☆ ☆

CHRISTMAS is coming . . . so is EVE'S sparkling guide to presents for problem people. Well over one hundred of them ranging from 5s. to £5—for men, women, children (and YOU—some gorgeous ones you should show him as quickly as possible).

IN Eve NEXT MONTH

TOUCH—AND YOU GO!

EVE'S "woman at the wheel" tries the Sapphire 236

by LILIAN Le MONNIERE

MOST *women* would love a new car with an automatic gearchange. But most *husbands* say the automatic gearchange does not allow them to get the best out of motoring.

Why? Because the gears are changed when the device working them decides. Which is not always at the moment when the driver thinks the change should be made. So what car will satisfy the man who wants to use his driving skill *and* the woman who hankers after the gearchanging being done automatically?

I have found one. It is the medium-priced (£1,469) 236 Armstrong-Siddeley Sapphire, a full five-seater saloon of fashionable lines, smart yet discreet.

Why does it suit both the men and women drivers? Because it is the "manumatic" (dreadful word) model in the Coventry makers' range which includes cars with both fully automatic gearboxes and the old-fashioned synchromesh type.

Do not get anxious about "manumatic." Inside you will find an ordinary gear lever of the floor-type set in the usual place. *But there is no clutch pedal.* You have the choice of either completely resting your left foot (which becomes a delight the more you get used to it) or making it operate the foot-brake, a beautifully light and sensitive pedal to use.

The secret is in the top of the gear lever. As your hand grips it, the clutch immediately disengages while you move the lever into the fresh gear position.

And the device sees to it that the engine revolutions are speeded up or slowed down according to whether you are changing up or down. So accurately that there is no noisy protest from the gearbox—you just *cannot* "crash" your gears.

He can still change gear exactly when he wants to do so, preserving his masculine "know-how" You can benefit from what amounts to an automatic change—no clutch pedal and all the synchronization work done silently.

BUT I must warn the ditherer: do *not* rest your hand on the gear-lever *before* you decide to change. If you do, there is a sharp hiss, the clutch disengages, and the device slows the engine down no matter what you do with the throttle.

Result: the car slows up inexorably The cure is simple. It is to touch the gear-lever only when you decide to move it to another position.

Does the "manumatic" do what is intended? It certainly does. You make fine, quick and noiseless changes. And if you are a little lazy or perhaps too anxious with the throttle, then the device adjusts engine speed in a flash.

It is rather like having a dwarf Stirling Moss or Juan Fangio under the floor doing the work for you.

The car is one of the roomiest and most comfortable you could find at the price. There is nearly a foot clearance between the two front occupants, and all five have a fair share of elbow, knee and leg room.

YOU do not peer or crane to see out of this car. For one thing your shoulders are higher than the tops of the doors. For another, the body line sweeps downwards, and the windows in all directions are high, wide and handsome.

Upholstery is nylon-covered and kind to my dresses. And the material has that habit of always looking clean and fresh.

I thought the makers could have been a little more considerate in catering for a woman's shopping trips—I missed a deep shelf under the grand, polished-wood dashboard. But I blessed them for the width of the doors which stayed open like farm gates while I got in and out with careless decorum. The makers produce the record-breaking Sapphire jet engine. So it is no surprise to find that with overdrive (an extra) the car reached over 90 m.p.h. with efficient, quiet acceleration. Petrol consumption? 26–28 miles to the gallon.

BRITANNIA and

Eve

Second "Home-tested" report from our Wives' Panel—the only entirely independent inquiry into home equipment sponsored by a British magazine

EVERY MONTH—THE ONLY *COM*

D•

Warm AND safe – but Oh! those muddy-browns

by **LADY PAKENHAM**

LET me say at once that the Panel were enthusiastic about the models they tested. Every member would have liked at least one model for keeps!

Space-heaters *live with the family*. They are always on view. So colour and design were of intense interest to us.

On the whole, the COLOUR RANGE met with the Panel's approval, despite the manufacturers' tendency to favour shades of "warm mud." When it came to a vote for neutral tones or strong colours, the neutrals won the day—but with a demand for gun-metal greys rather than yellowy browns.

Several manufacturers do include Eau-de-Nil, mushroom, forget-me-not; and for a very smart "contemporary" design, mustard, scarlet or white.

DESIGN—It was amusing to find how many of the Panel started off lukewarm towards ultra-contemporary designs, and finished red-hot converts. SUZANNE GOODWIN began by thinking her very modern convector quite awful—"like something out of Henry Moore's studio." But within a day or two she had fallen in love with it! JEANNE MACKENZIE never got to like the "splay feet" of her otherwise pleasing contemporary models. "Anyway," she added, "splay feet are not so firm as plain louvres."

As for the gaping grilles or bars which crown all modern convectors—TONI SELLEY compared them to the wide "grin" of the modern car-front. One fan-assisted heater reminded Mrs. Goodwin of an under-sea monster met while deep-sea swimming. "But its performance easily made up for its fishy appearance."

PERFORMANCE—The Panel felt space-heaters were no substitute for a fire, whether of solid fuel, gas or electricity. But all of them provided clean, efficient, economical *secondary* heating.

What about EXPENSE? You couldn't expect six housewives to soft-pedal this aspect. First, *running costs*. MR. BRITTAIN put the Panel wise here. 1 kW. costs about 1d. for one hour. But with space-heaters we found it more economical to run a small power heater (½ or 1 kW.) for twelve hours consecutively than to keep turning a larger one on and off.

Running costs can also be reduced by thermostatic control or switches. "But why," asked MRS. GAZE, "are switches not at hand-level, and marked 'Half' and 'Full on'?" And Mrs. MacKenzie wanted a pilot light on all heaters which have no glow-lamp to show whether they are on or off.

Second, COST OF HEATERS. Mrs. Selley, delighted with her fan-forced convector, considered it very inexpensive. But most of the Panel were inclined to ask Mr. Brittain, "Why are heaters so expensive?" An average 2 kW. heater costs around £9, with a life of up to twelve years. We hope that with bigger production, prices will fall.

SAFETY. Space-heaters are as safe as houses. Children cannot set fire to themselves—or even to small objects they may "post" through the inviting slots, for they operate by "black" heat, and many have automatic "cut-outs" in case the air circulation is stopped.

Except for babies under three, children can safely be left alone in the room, even if the convector overturns.

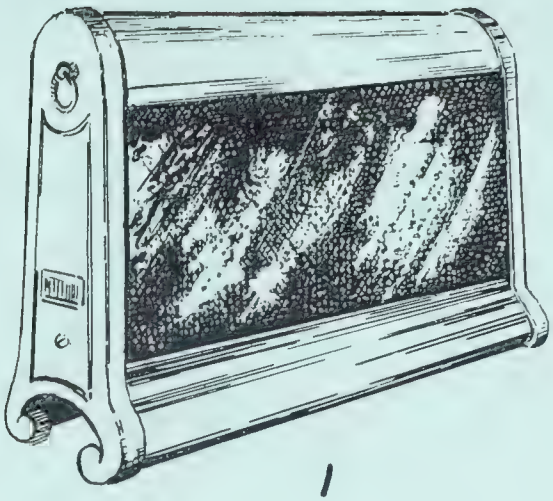
Mr. Brittain had two words of warning: all heaters need earthing; no more two-pin plugs. And all bathroom heaters need ceiling switches or switches outside the room.

THE PANEL'S BOUQUET goes to heaters fitted with a lamp. They *seem* so much warmer!

THE PANEL'S UNSATISFIED LONGINGS: For heaters that suck in the cold air along the floor without cooling your feet. For 9 ft. of coil instead of 6 ft. And for a fan that is really quiet when new and does not get noisier with age.

A section of the Panel at work: Lady Pakenham, Mr. Brittain, Mrs. Suzanne Goodwin, Mrs. Antonia Selley and Mrs. Mary MacNeill. On the table, a Grundig recorder.

★ *Members of the EVE panel are: Lady Pakenham (chairwoman), mother of eight children; Mrs. Jeanne MacKenzie, 34, mother of two; Mrs. Mary MacNeill, 28, a physiotherapist; Mrs. Anne Gaze, 25, with two children; Mrs. Antonia Selley, 36, mother of five children; Mrs. Suzanne Goodwin, mother of three children. And Mr. J. V. Brittain, an expert on electric equipment.*



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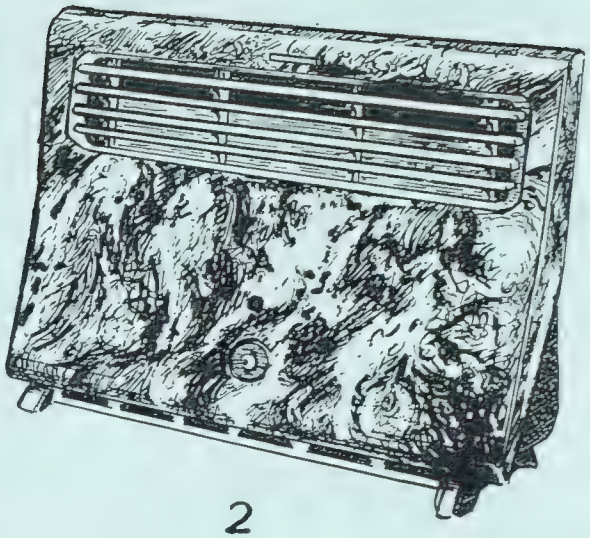

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BRITANNIA and Sve

1
FALCO, made by the Falkirk Iron Co. Ltd., Falkirk. Strongly-built electric radiator which can be used in the hall, bedroom, nursery or kitchen. Very useful for drying clothes. Finish: gold or green stove enamel. Loading: 1 kW. Price: £9 0s. 7d.

Mrs. Goodwin: I found this convector most useful as a background heater, which could be left on all day at a low cost. First class.

2
EKCO FRC2, by E. K. Cole Ltd., of Southend-on-Sea. A thermovent convection model with a new and larger duct system. It is controlled by a variable thermostat. Finish: moulded plastic walnut panel in front, metal back and sides. Loading: 2 kW., A.C. only. Price: £17 19s. 9d.

Mrs. Selley: Excellent—it offers all that anyone could want. *PARTICULARLY RECOMMENDED.*

3
PORTABLE CONVECTOR, by Hobourn, of Strood. Black heat elements, automatic cut-out, with no switch, half heat switch or thermostat. Finish: ivory or gold. Loading: 2 or 1½ kW. Price: from £9 4s. 5d. to £10 16s. 2d.

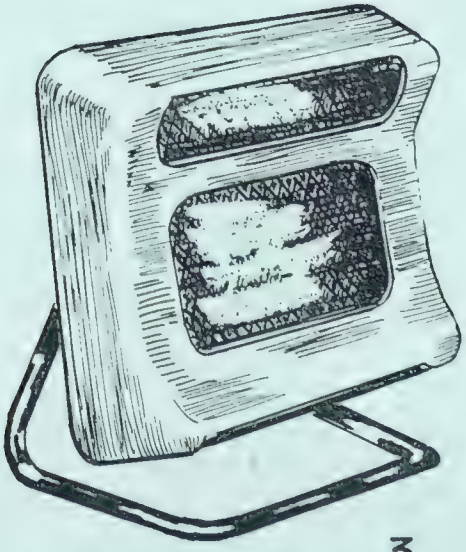
Mrs. Goodwin: Good all-over heat, not too hot to the hand. Not keen on the gold, but the Henry Moore-ish design grows on one.

4
CHALFORD, by Gillott Electro Appliances Ltd., Chalford, Glos. Portable convector giving economical heating. Exterior remains cool due to patented construction. Finish: hammered bronze. Loading: 1 kW. Price: £4 12s. 10d.

Mrs. MacNeill: Useful for halls. But I think the base should be weighted, as the heater can easily be knocked over.

5
NURSERY HEATER, by Hobourn, of Strood. Safe black heat elements, automatic cut-out, can be knocked over without danger. Finish: blue or pink with nursery motif. Loading: 1 or 2 kW. Price: £9 7s. 4d.

Mrs. Gaze: I liked the pleasant glowing effect, but the attractive open meshwork was difficult to clean.



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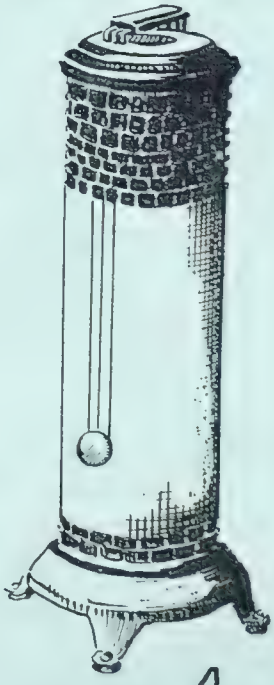

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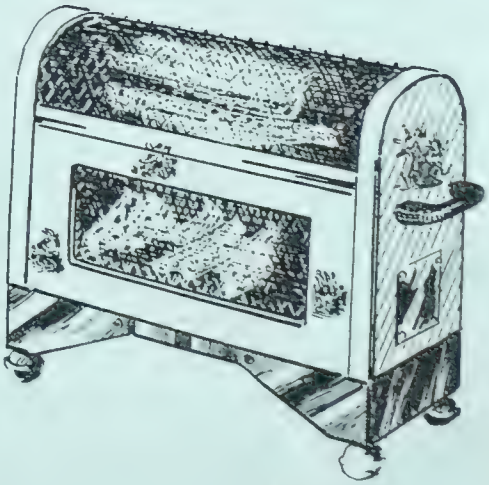

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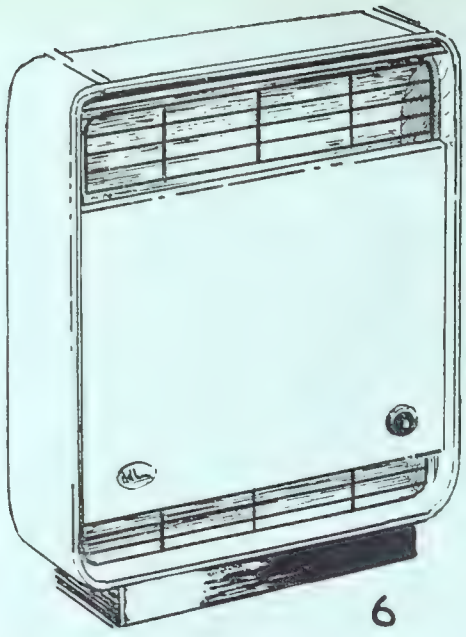

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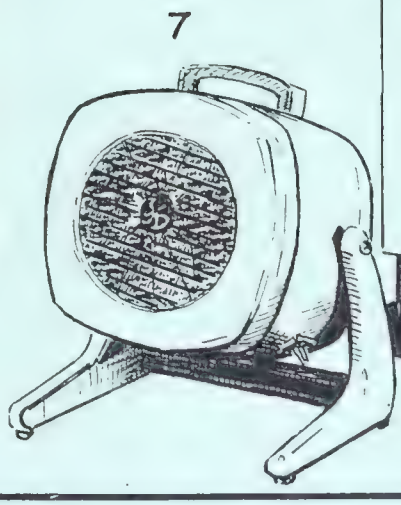

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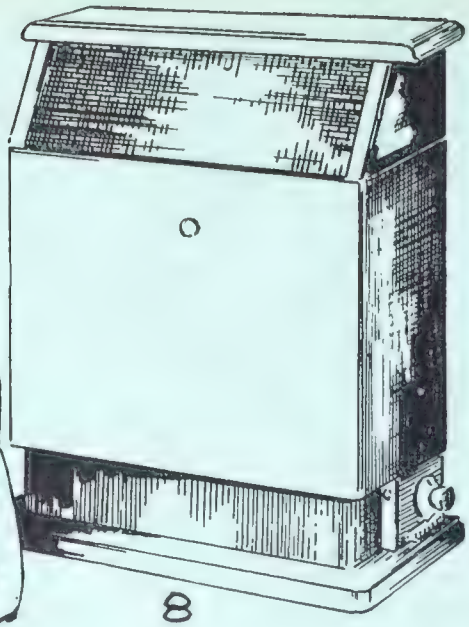

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6

ZEPHYR, by Belling and Co. Ltd., of Enfield, Middlesex. This handsome convector has a warm double glow. Can be bought as a floor or wall model. All sizes three-heat switch or thermostat. Finish: gold and bronze. Loading: 1, 2 or 3 kW. Price: from £10 10s. 3d. Thermostat control (for A.C. only) £1 8s. 10d. extra.

Mrs. Selley: Pleasing, efficient, easy to clean. Contemporary design suits any room. Only criticism: it became too hot on top. *PARTICULARLY RECOMMENDED.*

7

COTSWOLD, by Gillott Electro Appliances Ltd., Chalford, Glos. Can be used either as space-heater or cooling fan. Black heat nickel-chrome element protected by safety device and indicator lamp glows when switched on. Finish: grey. Loading: 1½ kW. Price: £9 19s. 8d.

Mrs. MacNeill: I approve of the shape, size and finish but was bothered by fan noise. It warmed a large room in thirty minutes. Disadvantage: no regulator.

8

MODEL P.15, by British National Electrics Ltd., Newarthill. Convector heater, has a variable thermostat which can be fitted with time switch. Finish: grey hammer or black crackle, with gold mesh. Loading: 1½ kW. Price: £11 3s.

Mrs. MacKenzie: Solidly made, stable but slow to give good heat. Portable, but lifting slots get too hot for comfort.

9

PANEL HEATER, by Morphy-Richards Ltd., London, W.1. Suitable for kitchenettes or small rooms. Element embedded in panel, heat circulating from both sides. Pilot light. Finish: bronze. Loading: ¾ or 1 kW. Price: £4 16s. 9d. or £5 7s. 6d.

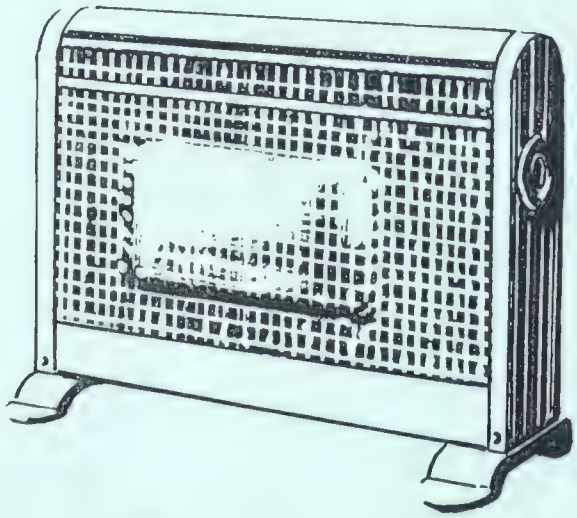
Mrs. MacKenzie: Neat, pleasing design. But I found it unsuitable for confined spaces, as it blistered paintwork a foot away.

10

RAYDAIR heater from Berry's Electric Ltd., London, W.1, gives central heating warmth. This radiating electric heater is available in three models, all with pilot light and thermostat control. Finish: peach or penny bronze. Loading: either 1, 1½ or 2 kW. Price: £15 5s. 9d., £19 16s. 5d., £30 11s. 6d.

Mrs. MacKenzie: Attractive design which blends with any room. Quick heating, economical and did not get too hot.

9



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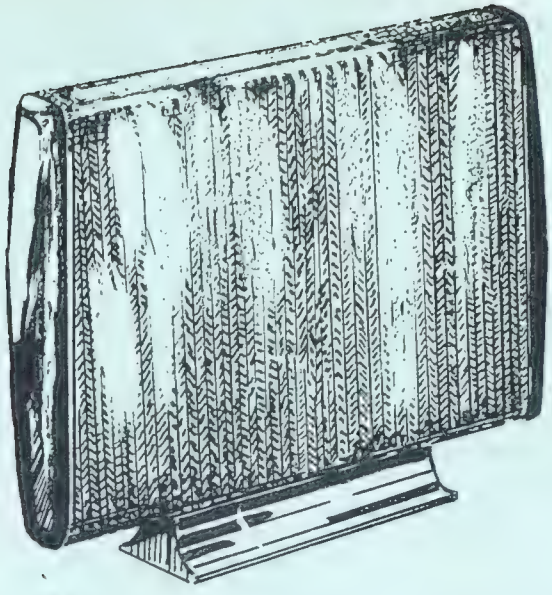

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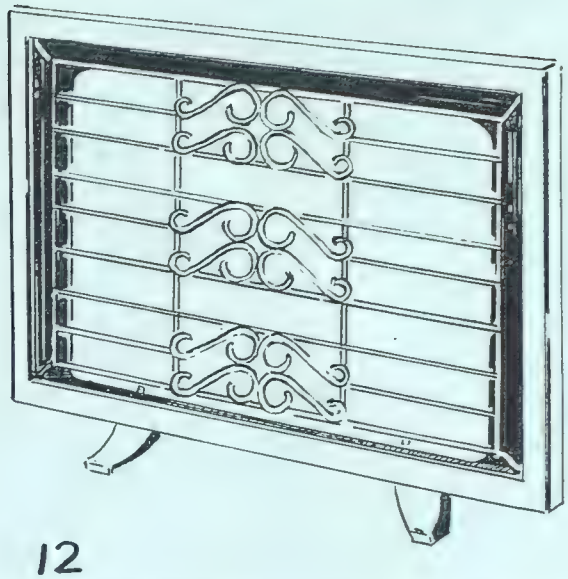

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11

CAPRI, by Simplex Electric Co. Ltd., Blythe Bridge. Combination radiator and convector for background heating. Element covered with a mesh guard of rustless aluminium. Finish: pale or dark green, cream, beige, yellow, pink. Loading: 1 kW. Price: £9 17s. 6d.

Mrs. MacKenzie: This heater was effective as a booster-radiator and is completely safe. It is light, portable and stable.

12

CALIFORNIA, by Simplex Electric Co. Ltd., Blythe Bridge. A panel heater that does duty as decorative fire-screen. Low temperature radiation is intended for heating over long periods. Pilot light. Finish: six charming colours with matching lustre. Loading: 1½ kW. Price: £15 15s.

Mrs. MacKenzie: I found the grille too open for complete protection. My husband accidentally burnt his fingers. Effective over long periods.

13

REVO Convector from Revo Electric Co. Ltd., Tipton, Staffs. Distinctive design that will blend with any colour or furniture scheme. Portable heater, very stable and the grille shows warm glow of concealed indicator lamp when switched on. Available in three models. Finish: Welsh grey, pale gold, Cotswold stone. Loading: 1 or 2 kW., with and without thermostat. Price: £7 13s. 3d., £9 8s. 6d. and £10 10s. 3d.

14

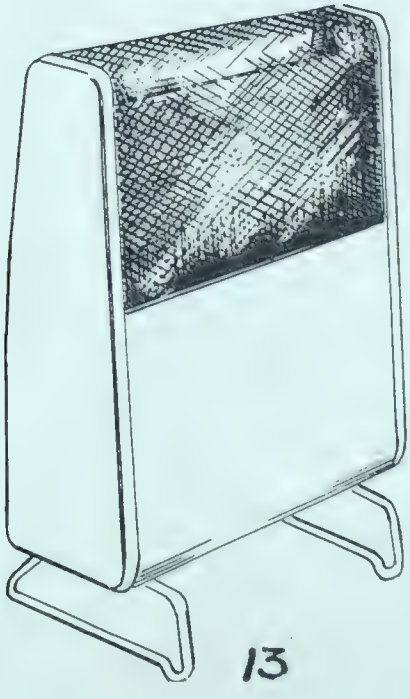
CAVENDISH heater by H.M.V. of Hayes. Fan-assisted convector raises room temperature 7 degrees in fifteen minutes. Loading: HC2, 2 kW., HCS2 has switch for 2 or 1 kW. or fan only for cool air. Both models moulded in plastic. Finish: cream louvres with brown, black or walnut grain plastic. Price: £11 19s. 6d. and £12 12s.

Mrs. Selley: Most impressed. It gives a wonderful circulated heat, safe, easy to clean—and very inexpensive. *PARTICULARLY RECOMMENDED.*

15

ELECTROWAY convector by Electroway Heaters Ltd., Loughborough. A simple design for use against a wall, giving rapid heat in halls or large rooms. Elements totally enclosed in heavy-gauge steel. Finish: bronze with chromium grille, or to choice. Loading: 2 kW or 3 kW. Price from £13 13s. 7d. to £16 2s. 6d.

Mrs. Goodwin: Good, persuasive heat for large rooms. Non-aggressive design. Grating was too hot to touch.



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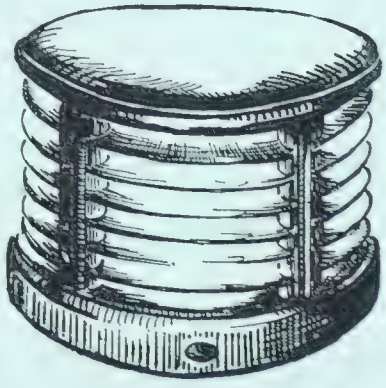

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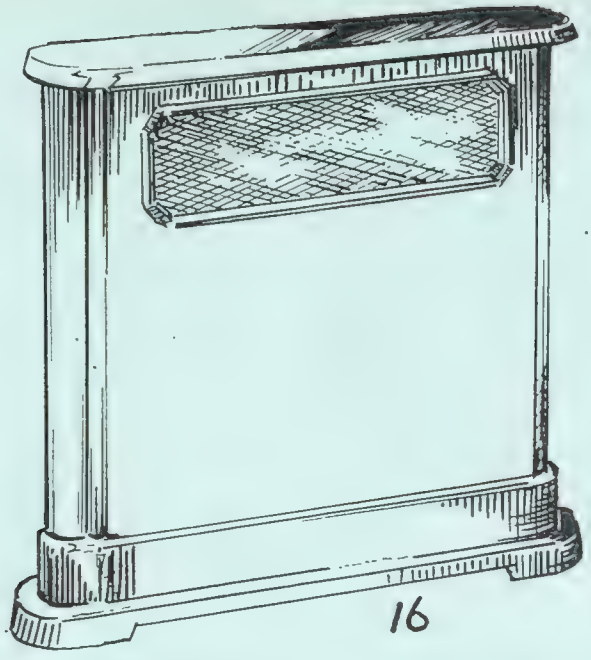

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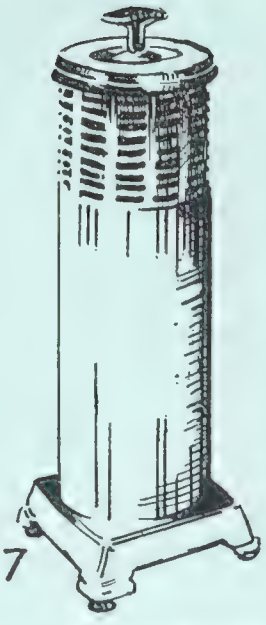

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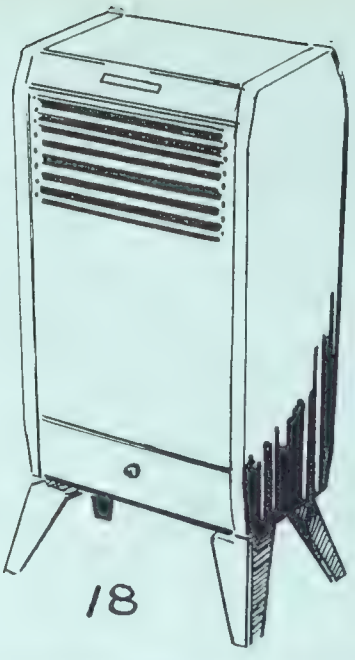

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16

MEMVAIR convector from Midland Electric Manufacturing Co. Ltd., Birmingham. Classic, sturdy design which can stand against a wall. Black heat element enclosed. Finish: bronze. Loading: 1, 1½ and 2 kW. with or without thermostat. Price £11 1s. 7d. to £19 8s. 6d.

Mrs. Gaze: Very efficient heater. Pleasing design is easy to keep clean. Top does not get too hot to sit on (pet vice!).

17

CIRCULAIR by Midland Electric Manufacturing Co. Ltd., Birmingham. Portable convector ideal for small rooms or background heating. The element enclosed and a deflector plate directs the heat outwards. Finish: bronze with black plastic lifting handle. Loading: 1 kW. Price: £5 7s. 11d.

Mrs. Gaze: Excellent little heater at a low price. The simple tubular design is very stable and easy to carry.

18

HAWKINS Convector from Hawkins, London, W.C.2. Sturdily-made portable with simple lines, black heat element enclosed. Loading: 1 or 2 kW., with switch or thermostat. Finish: ivory, blue, mushroom, white (with contrasting gold grille and feet) or all gold. Price: from £7 3s. 2d. to £9 9s. 11d.

Mrs. MacKenzie: I found this heater extremely efficient—in fact, the best of the 1-kW. models I tested. A little top-heavy in design but stable.

19

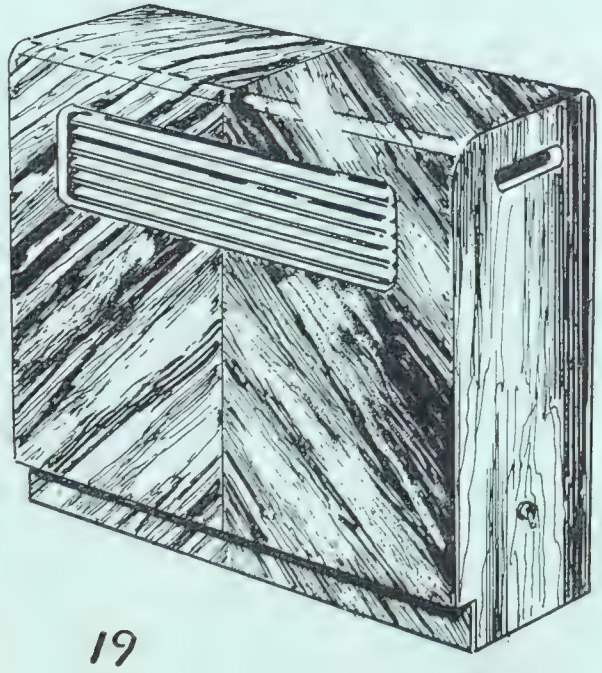
SLOAN Electric Co. Ltd., Ealing, London, W.5. Wooden convector designed to blend with any room. Available in two models: CC2T has variable thermostat, CC2S a switch for half-heat. Finish: mahogany, oak, bird's-eye maple and walnut. Loading: 2 kW. Price: £17 5s. 7d. to £21 12s.

Mrs. Gaze: Use of wood gives a "good" look. It smelt badly when on and the wood made ominous cracking noises while it cooled down.

20

WODE CODE 1933, by Unity Heating Ltd., Southampton. Portable wooden convector with black heat elements and variable thermostat. Finish: light oak and mahogany, treated to prevent warping, and polished. Loading: 1½ kW. Price: £21 11s. 8d.

Mrs. Goodwin: Gives good heat, and is one of the nicest designs I have seen.



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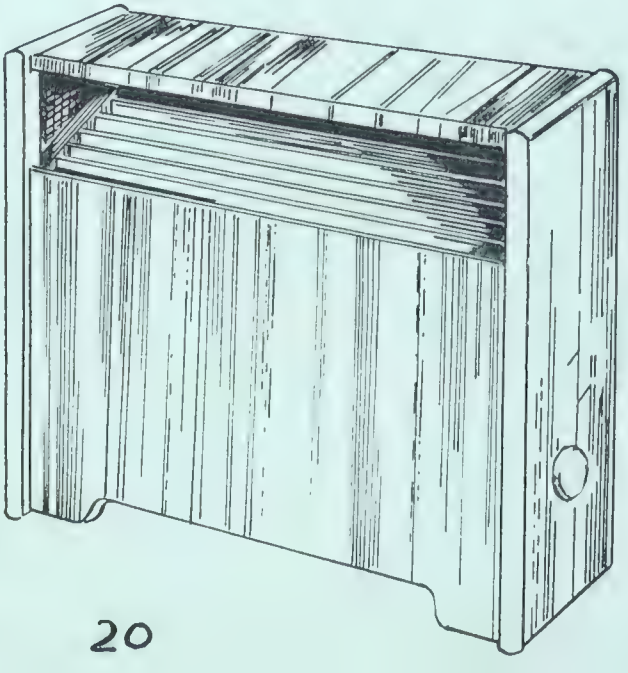

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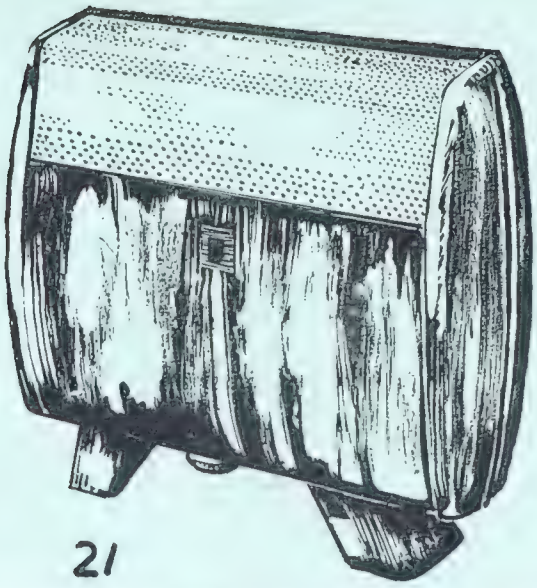

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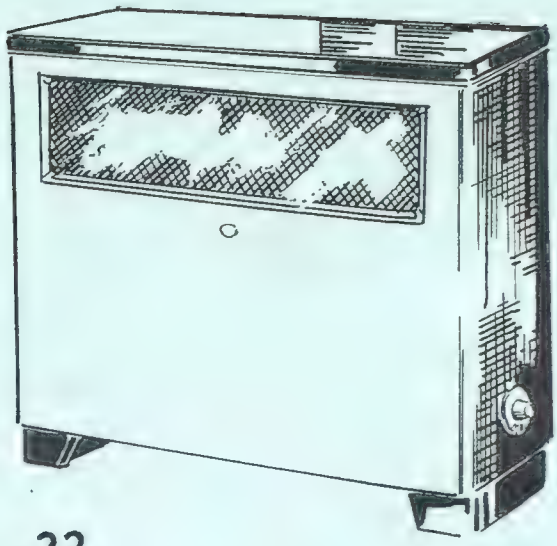

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21

MODEL CF 6180, by Ferranti, Hollinwood, Lancs. This thermostatically-controlled convector heater has no fixed temperature setting, but a switch for cool or warm air. Designed for background heating. Finish : golden bronze with copper grille. Loading : 2 kW. Price : £10 10s. 5d.

Mrs. MacKenzie : I like this heater very much. Tasteful design, gives a good heat without the frame getting too hot. One snag : not very stable. *PARTICULARLY RECOMMENDED.*

23

CONVECTOR heater by Morphy-Richards Ltd., London, W.1. Suitable for halls and passages. Warm air is circulated quickly and the frame remains cool. Finish : bronze. Loading : 1 or 2 kW., with half-switch or thermostat. Price : £7 10s. 6d., £9 6s. 4d. and £9 13s. 6d.

Mrs. MacKenzie : I am very pleased with this efficient heater which seems to be designed as part of the furniture in a room. It is quick-heating and glows when switched on.

24

MAYHURST, by Baker, of Woking. Combines quiet, fan-assisted convection, automatic temperature control, three separate heat outputs, cool air circulation and automatic safety cut-off. Finish : hammer gilt with black louvres. Loading : 2½ kW. Price : £17 5s.

Mrs. MacNeill : I liked this one best. Heated a large room in thirty minutes. Good value for an all-purpose heater. *PARTICULARLY RECOMMENDED.*

22

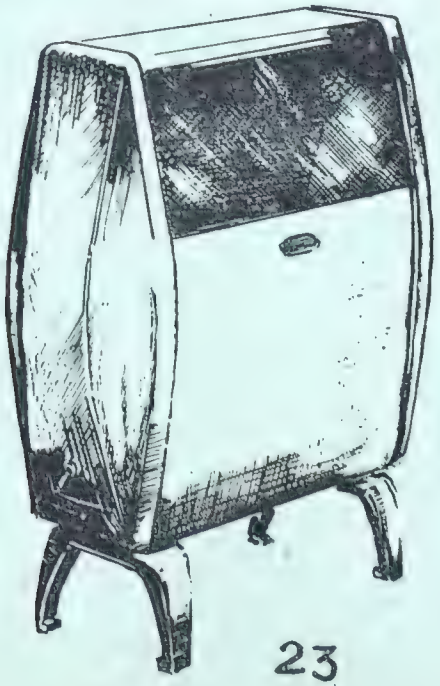
NO. D. 2804 from General Electric Co. Ltd., London, W.C.2. Neat convector heater with clean, simple lines. Finish : hammer bronze with dark bronze top and feet, and honeycomb metal mesh grille. Loading: 1 kW. or 2 kW., fitted with a variable thermostat. Price : £7 11s. 1d. and £11 17s. 5d.

Mrs. Goodwin : Excellent heater and very attractive design. It gives a satisfactory heat and no part was over-hot to the hand. Safe for children. *PARTICULARLY RECOMMENDED.*

25

MODEL C22, by Dextray Engineering Co. Ltd., Manchester. Convector heater fitted with black heat elements and switch for full or half-heat. Pilot light. Finish : hammer bronze or cream with grille in cream, black or bronze. Loading : 2 kW. Price : £11 9s.

Mrs. MacNeill : Contemporary design, gives a quick heat, but the top gets hot. Safe against a wall but easily knocked over if standing free. I did not like the tinny legs.



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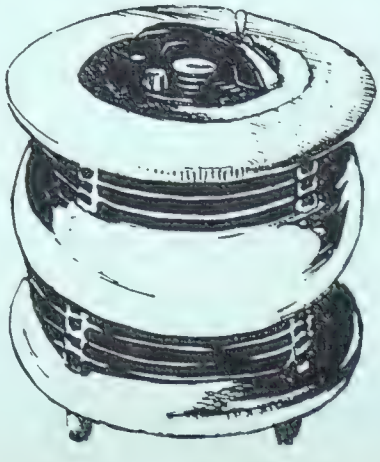

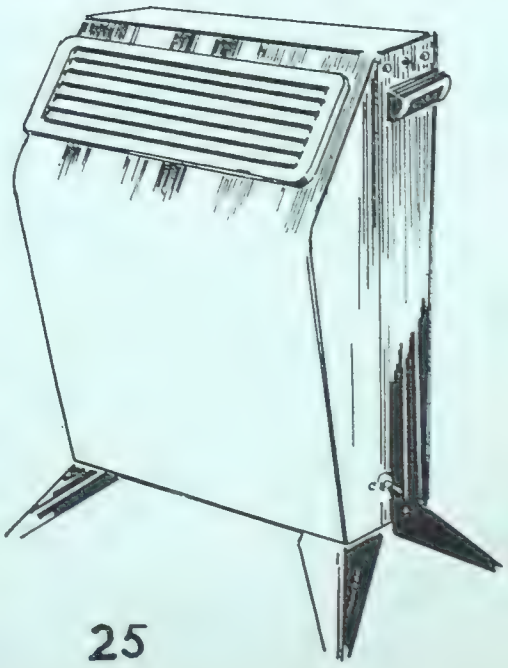

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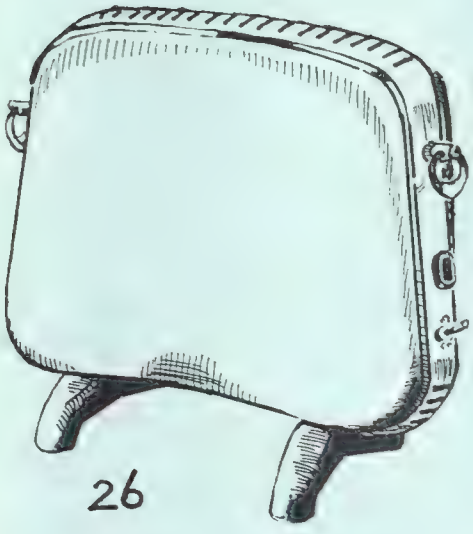

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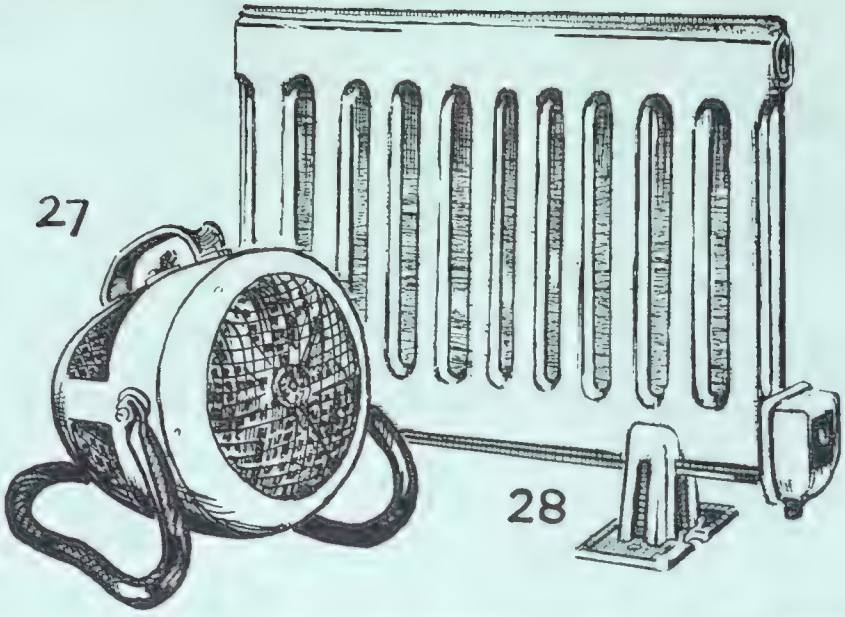

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26

CAPRICE, by Falk Stadelmann and Co. Ltd., London, E.C.1. Compact panel convector with six heating elements in individual ducts, pilot light, concealed rubber wheels, easy-grip handles. Finish: pewter, red, mustard, gold or cream with chromium-plated centre band. Loading: 2 kW. Price: £14 7s. 9d.

Mrs. Goodwin: An excellent heater and a most attractive modern design. The metal too hot to leave within child's reach.

27

WINSUM fan heater by Ashcroft Tools Ltd., Cirencester. Black heat element and fan covered with wire mesh. Automatic cut-out and hot/cold switch. Finish: red and white, green or bronze. Loading: 1⅓ kW. Price: £6 3s. 3d.

Mrs. Goodwin: Unprepossessing but ingenious heater at a budget price. I strongly recommend it for heating, cooling and hair-drying. *PARTICULARLY RECOMMENDED.*

28

T.V. ¾, by Hurseal Ltd., London, W.1. Oil-filled panel radiator, thermostatically controlled. Slender, graceful design is completely safe and portable. Finish: white, blue, Eau-de-Nil, gold, cream or bronze. Loading: ¾ kW. Price: £14 19s. 11d. Castors extra, £1 5s. 2d.

Mrs. MacKenzie: The best value as far as consumption is concerned, it gives right amount of heat for nursery or bathroom. Requires minimum space. *PARTICULARLY RECOMMENDED.*

29

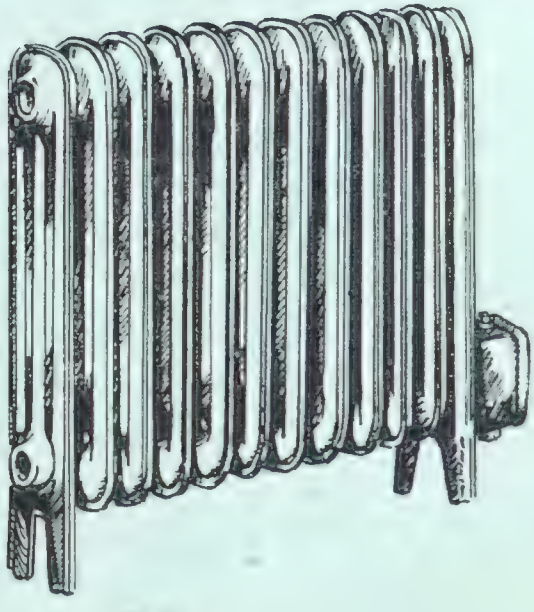
C.1, by G.M.B. (Electrical) Birmingham. Oil-filled radiator with finger-tip thermostat control. (A.C. only.) Column design has standard feet, castors extra. Finish: gold or to choice. Loading: ½, 1, 1½ or 2 kW. Price: from £14 4s. 2d. to £35 5s.

Mrs. Selley: Efficient form of central heating at low cost. Finish not compatible with price.

30

SUNHOUSE 5200/5201, Frost & Co. Ltd., Walsall, Staffs. Portable convector with switch for half-heat or pre-selector thermostat. The mesh top never gets uncomfortably hot. Indicator lamp. Finish: copper bronze. Loading: 2 kW. Price: £9 7s. 6d. or £10 15s.

Mrs. Gaze: It is a handsome little heater and gives a good, quick heat. Excellent for halls and under windows. *PARTICULARLY RECOMMENDED.*



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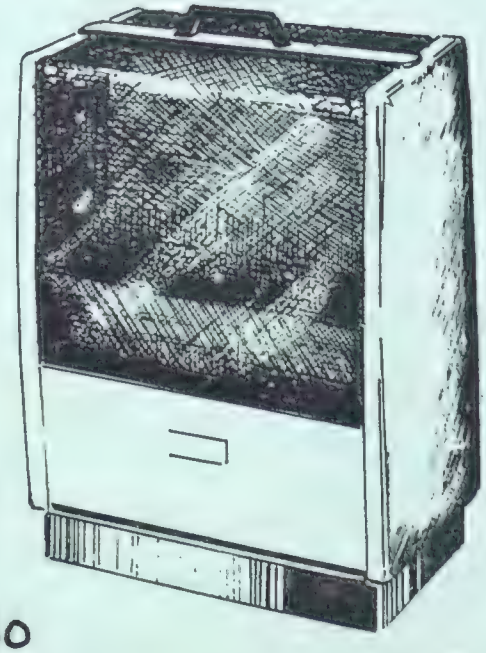

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Illustrations by PIDHERNEY

Like him or hate him—the last great newspaper baron is a man nobody *can ignore says Dick Musselman*

THE 'OLD MAN' STILL SURPRISES

Above: Vicky's view of his lordship in the *Daily Mirror*. Below: the camera's view is more benign

SOME people think Lord Beaverbrook escaped from Pandora's Box. It is an attractive theory. Much evidence seems to support it. But it is wrong.

The truth is he was born at Maple, Ontario, Canada on May 25, 1879, and so far as is known there was nothing significent happening at the time: no storm or earthquake. The portents certainly slipped up. There was plenty to forebode.

Max Aitken, as Beaverbrook was before his peerage, is the son of a Scottish minister who emigrated to Canada. The family was not wealthy, but they were not impoverished. And they had a comfortable enough home in the manse.

Young Aitken, who went to the local free school, was an aggressive boy who did not mind giving away weight. He usually gave a good account of himself. To the British he is a Press Lord: the last of the great ones.

He is a gnome of a man. His head bulges: with brains. An old man who considers every day of life since his three score years and ten "a bonus from the Almighty."

His force in the newspaper world he controls is undiminished. Yet one of his hobbies is retiring from control of his papers. He has been announcing it at irregular intervals since 1927.

NO one believes it. Certainly not Fleet Street. And his editors will *never* believe it.

Beaverbrook is an Empire crusader—a man who champions extensive trade inside the Commonwealth and to Hell with the rest. It has been the great sorrow of his life that no one of importance listens to him on this theme. Or, at least, no one *does* anything.

He came to England in 1910 after making a fortune in Canada by organizing big industrial mergers. He was thirty-one and full of political ambition. He became an M.P. within a few months of arriving. Soon he was exercising his talent for backroom political intrigue.

In 1916 he planned the removal of Prime Minister Asquith and his replacement by Lloyd George. For this plotting Aitken looked forward to a place in the government. But he had enemies whom Lloyd George could not afford to ignore.

So instead, Aitken found himself the first Baron Beaverbrook in what, to him, was the political wilderness of the House of Lords. He has been crying out from it ever since.

What is he really like—this international imp?

Beaverbrook has sometimes taken refuge in ill-health. But his only lasting affliction is asthma. This is an allergic complaint. And he seems to be allergic to frustration. His attacks of asthma often coincide with emotional stress—like being thwarted.

He has for long taken the precaution of wintering at his Nassau home in the Bahamas where the climate is kinder to respiratory troubles. But even across the Atlantic telephone and cable enable him to continue *not* controlling his newspapers almost as efficiently as if he were at his London flat.

HE cares nothing for clothes. When he has decided to buy a new suit he tells the tailor "Go and measure an old one."

There was an occasion in the thirties when his valet discovered an old suit in an attic. It was of original Edwardian vintage—probably the first suit the Old Man bought on arriving in England.

Would his lordship mind if it was given away? Beaverbrook said nothing: looked at the suit, grunted and said, "Lay it out for me tomorrow." He wore the ancient suit all next day. After that, without anything being said, it was allowed to disappear.

The Old Man speaks with his hands as well as with a growling Canadian voice. Points are emphasized with an extended palm, the fingers splayed out. An unashamed materialist, he is influenced by his early religious background. One raw young secretary wrote to a well-known public man inviting him to "pop in any time you are passing."

"Pop in" was too much even after twenty-five years in England. When the letter was given to Beaverbrook for

signature he tore it up. "Young man, if you want to write like me go and read the Bible," he said.

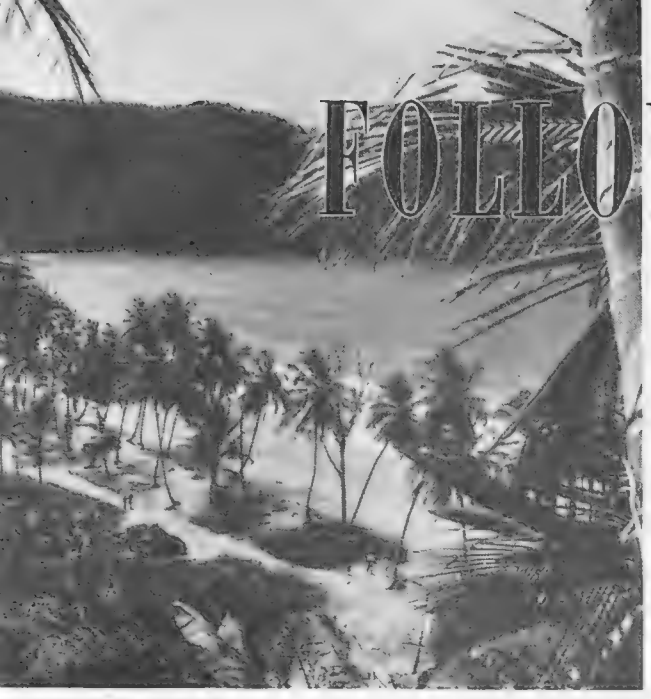
A man worth millions, in prewar days he insisted that the monthly grocery bill with a Piccadilly store should not exceed £100.

Came the month when it totalled £101 odd. Beaverbrook sent for his personal accountant. Waving the offending bill, he declaimed: "I employ you to watch for the red light and tell me when it comes on. The red light is shining *now*. In future, *I* will do the shopping."

NEXT morning Beaverbrook drove to the usual store and bought a box of peaches. It is difficult to imagine him rendered speechless. Let us say he was commendably restrained when told the price. It worked out at 4s. 6d. a peach. It was his last shopping expedition.

Whether he be at Cherkley, his Leatherhead, Surrey home or in London, all morning papers are delivered to Beaverbrook and placed on his bed. He scrutinizes them all—particularly his own. As on the Sunday morning when he glanced down the leader column of his *Express* and read a whimsical little editorial about a couple in Iceland who had never seen a car, train or aeroplane. "Have they really missed much?" the leader writer mused.

(*Continued on page 81*)



FOLLOW THE WINTER

You needn't be a millionaire to escape from Winter—it's CHEAPER to take a holiday in the sun in January

Maracas Bay, Trinidad: a palm-fringed sea sparkles in the sun—even in Winter. Princess Margaret called here during her tour

ESCAPE to Winter sunshine—on a cruise, on skis. By a lakeside among snow-capped peaks or in a city of minarets and mosques.

Only a dream on a travel poster? But is it? You can catch up with the sun in winter for little more than it costs to spend a holiday-by-the-sea in Summer WITHOUT the sun.

The choice of where to go and what to spend is up to you. For those content to bask in Europe, a holiday will cost anything from £50 upwards for a fortnight. *But you could go round the world in 140 days aboard a cargo ship if you have over £500 to spend.*

What about **France**? The Riviera, where you can pick roses and carnations in March, and Nice, Cannes, Menton, Monte Carlo, Beaulieu.

The cost for a fifteen-days' holiday with air travel from London is between £55 to £70. By rail it is cheaper—about £40, for instance, to Cannes.

France offers a wide choice for those who want to be energetic and acquire a winter tan on the mountain slopes. The Alpine chain which stretches all along the Italian frontier, divides into the Mont Blanc region, the Savoy, the Dauphiné, the Hautes-Alpes, the Basses-Alpes and the Maritime or Côte-d'Azur Alps. There is the Pyrenees range separating France from Spain, the Central Plateau or Central Massif, the Jura and the Vosges.

IF you want sharp peaks, then decide on the Alps and the Pyrenees. The height of Mont Blanc—15,771 ft.—ensures frequent snow falls in most of the surrounding resorts, and ski-ing starts in December.

Chamonix, the capital city of mountaineering, with its casino, cinemas and dance halls has a Winter season which lasts until April.

Fashionable Megève has a casino and night clubs. And for those who do not want to feel too far away from home—half-a-dozen tea rooms.

The high altitude skier will prefer Val-d'Isère, over 6,000 ft. up in the heart of the Haute Tarentaise mountains. Here there are ski-lifts to peaks between 8,000 and 9,500 ft. and the start of the runs.

A leading resort in France is L'Alpe d'Huez. The season opens in November and runs into May. Sunshine bathes its slopes—a dazzling glare which sends many to the shade of the brightly coloured umbrellas on the open terraces of the hotels.

Villard-de-Lans, just under twenty miles from Grenoble, is a family resort with nursery slopes for the children.

Only a few hours' journey from Nice is the wild region of the Maritime Alps. Auron and Valberg, both over 5,000 ft., enjoy a Mediterranean climate.

Eight hours by train from Paris in the Massif Central is Le Mont-Doré with access to vast snowfields. Even nearer to the French capital is Metabief-Mont d'or in the Jura.

The biggest resort in this region is Les Rousses-sur-Morez, an immense sunny plateau intersected by beautiful pine forest.

The cost of winter luxury in France varies from £1 to £3 10s. a day. And there are over one thousand winter sports hotels from which to choose.

NOW on to another land of winter sunshine—**Switzerland.**

The mountain sun has an intense power because the pure Alpine atmosphere gives free passage to types of radiation which do not penetrate through the atmospheric impurities of the plains.

Swiss resorts over 3,300 ft. usually have snow coverage for an average of 140 days a year. In the Upper Engadine the average is 190 days while for the Santis it is 299 days.

Perhaps you have in mind the Bernese Oberland in the centre of Switzerland between the Rhone and the Aare rivers.

It is a contrasting scene of mountain and lake scenery. South of Interlaken—an admirable centre for those who like plenty of excursions—is the Jungfrau region. There is Grindelwald, with some of the finest ski runs in the Alps, set in a glacier valley with a jagged background of the Wetterhorn, and Wengen, the biggest winter sports resort of the region. There are two mountain railways for those who like to take their holiday views leisurely. Curling too, with free lessons for beginners.

Kandersteg with glistening snow fields beneath a deep blue sky has ski-ing until after Easter, and romantic toboggan runs by moonlight.

On a sunny plateau, 5,400 ft. up is Mürren, facing a majestic mountain range. *During the shortest day of the year it has around five hours sunshine.*

For those who like the fashionable places, there is St. Moritz, over 6,000 ft. up in the Engadine, a magnificent high valley in the Swiss Canton of the Grisons, and Davos which offers the thrills of ice hockey, speed and figure skating—and, like many other Swiss resorts, cheaper holidays for January visitors.

Another place in the sun is Zermatt, in the shelter of 12,000 ft. high peaks with the Matterhorn like a flame in stone as its landmark.

As well as the winter sports resorts there are mild regions of Lake Geneva, the Rhone Valley and the Canton of Ticino—resorts such as Lausanne, Montreux, Sierre, Lugano.

And now more snow—and sun—in **Austria.** The large winter sports areas of Upper Austria lie on the high plateaus of the Dachstein (from 5,000 to about 10,000 ft), the Tote Gebirge (5,000 ft. to 8,250 ft.) and the Hollengebirge (5,000 ft. to 6,000 ft.) This is the setting for exciting Alpine tours and ski runs. For those who want to seek health at the spas, there are the iodine and sulphur baths at Goisern, Bad Hall and Bad Schallerbach.

TO most people, holidays in Austria mean the Tyrol. In winter it is a land of more than three thousand ski runs. The sunswept areas of the Kitzbühel Alps stretch to the dazzling whiteness of the Arlberg. Then there is Salzburg, with its centres at Badgastein, Bad Hofgastein, Zell am Zee, Saalbach, and Radstadter Tauernpasshohe. Chair lifts and cable railways afford an armchair view of the Christmas postcard scenery.

Some of the most beautiful resorts are in Carinthia in the sunny South of Austria. There is Heiligenblut, a romantic mountain village at the foot of the Grossglockner, and Mallnitz in the Hohe Tauern. In the Gurktal Alps the Flattnitz is usually one of the sunniest places.

Austria, too, offers cheaper holidays in January.

And **Italy**? To Naples, Florence, romantic Capri, or Sorrento in a garden

SUNSHINE

by JONATHAN

BERKELEY

setting with views of Vesuvius across its bay. For the winter sports there are the Dolomites. Trento is the main link with all the centres and with the ski runs of Mone Bondone and Canazei in the very heart of the Sella, Marmolada and Sassolungo ranges.

Other modern resorts are Madonna di Camiglio and San Martino di Castrozza, crowned by majestic peaks of the Pale range.

And there is Cortina, centre for this Winter's Olympic Games. The Cortina terrain offers a wide choice of runs for cross-country ski racing. It is surrounded by Dolomite peaks, yet it can offer the advantages of a big town.

AND on to **Norway.** Holidays in winter are also cheaper here—fourteen days in a ski-ing party for under £25.

The season in Norway begins before Christmas and extends until after Easter. Bulken is a delightful resort about two hours in the train from Bergen. So is Uppheim, beautifully situated in the mountains on the road from Voss to Gudvangen.

For popularity Finse, over 4,000 ft. up, has always attracted expert ski-ers. And there is Geilo just under five hours by train from Bergen which is one of Norway's leading resorts.

Now to places farther afield—the more expensive winter holidays in the sun.

Where would you like to go?

For a walk through Marrakech in a fairy tale setting with snow-capped peaks in the distance?

Or to Jordan—and the chance to swim in the Dead Sea at midnight—Jerusalem, Jericho or Bethlehem, with a shopping tour through the colourful bazaars?

There are holidays to Tangier where the mean temperature in Winter is fifty-seven Fahrenheit. Or Tobago, British West Indies, girdled by sunbaked beaches and shady coconut groves—plus undersea gardens on coral reefs, Canary or Bermuda, where a nineteen-day holiday would cost about £270.

How expensive can your holiday be?

A SIX weeks tour through Southern Africa, including a look at the Victoria Falls and a visit to a diamond mine, would cost over £700.

A month touring round India would cost nearly £500 and a month in East Africa seeing big game nearly £700.

And the cruises?

You can go to the Mediterranean, calling at Naples, Alexandra, Syracuse and Beirut for around £100 for twelve days. Or on a trip to America with a call at fabulous Miami—*costing nearly* £200 *for fifty-five days.*

TRUE TO LIFE

(Continued from page 42)

at the fire a smile on her lips. "I do want to make Philip happy," she said softly.

Rain sluiced against the window. The air felt suddenly heavy and thick with heat. "And you've decided to have this operation if necessary?" said Judith.

For a moment or two Alicia didn't reply. "If we do have a baby," she said at last, "you shall have the first refusal of godmother, Judy."

Days of waiting—and the manuscript lay unfinished on Judith's desk. Several times she sat down and picked up her pen to write the end that was to be true to life. But the words wouldn't come. She didn't know how the story would end.

In the nursing home Alicia underwent a preliminary examination. Carrying flowers, tight little pink roses, fragile and dainty like Alicia herself, Judith went to see her.

Sunlight flickered on the pale walls of the nursing home corridor. The house was hushed yet seemed to quiver with the subdued bustle of healing. In some way it, and everyone in it, seemed to be waiting—just as Judith was waiting.

ALICIA'S room was at the end. The door was ajar. Judith stopped on the threshold, held by the picture she saw reflected in the mirror of the small white dressing table : a picture that was clearer, as reflections often are, than the reality it reflected.

Alicia was propped on her pillows. Her fair hair clung damply to her head in tiny ringlets. One white hand lay on the blue cover. And while Judith stood there she saw Philip's hand slide over and gently cover Alicia's.

A picture reflected in a mirror.

She sighed and they looked up and saw her.

"Judy! How nice of you to come so early. Philip's got to go. You can stay and have tea with me."

Philip stood up. He kissed the damp curls. His eyes, when they turned to Judith were bleak. "I'll see you later, Judith—if I may?" he said.

The small room was golden with afternoon glow. Bands of sunshine streaked across the floor and climbed up the bedside. The curtains fluted at the open window. But Judith saw only darkness. Her face felt stiff and cold.

He left and Judith sat in the chair by the bedside.

"How are you? You look very well," she said.

"I am." Alicia stretched her slim body. "And I feel quite different. Philip and I have had a lovely, long talk. I told him and he was perfectly sweet——"

"Told him what?" interjected Judith sharply.

The smile slid from Alicia's face. "Judy, don't snap at me. You never used to snap at me."

"I'm sorry. I'm tired—I haven't been sleeping well."

Alicia looked along at her white hands posed on the bed cover. "They can't do anything for me," she said quietly. "I shall never be able to have a child of my own."

"I see."

"Judy!" Alicia leaned forward to peer into her sister's face. "What is it? Are you all right? You look so queer."

Judith took a long breath. "Yes—yes, I'm all right. I—I was thinking. Are you very disappointed?"

Alicia sighed. "I suppose so, yes. But—I think I've suspected it all along," she admitted. "It was the not being *sure* that caused the trouble. I felt guilty because I'd failed to give Philip something he wanted—and was entitled to. He did want a family." She shook her head. "If only I'd talked it out with him before instead of letting it come between us and turn me into a miserable shrew. You've both been so sweet to me, too."

HER hand lay on the bed cover, inviting. But Judith recalled the reflection in the mirror and couldn't take it. She got up and went over to the window; stood looking out at the tidy lawn. "Was Philip very disappointed?" she asked.

"He was sweet." Alicia lay back on her pillows and smiled with affectionate reminiscence.

"He would be."

"Judy! You sound as though you don't like him. I thought you were so fond of one another."

"Oh, but we are," said Judith dryly.

"We talked about our family," went on Alicia with a sigh of content.

"*Your family? But—but you just said you couldn't have one.*" Judith stared at her sister with dark, questioning eyes.

"We're going to adopt some. One to start with and then, when that's established, at least one more—perhaps two."

Alicia's blue eyes shone with a warm, tender light. She looked like the girl Philip had married seven years before. He would have noticed that, too, thought Judith, bitterly.

SHE leaned against the window with her back to the light. "Whose idea was it?" she asked. "Yours—or Philip's?"

Alicia wrinkled her brow. "I don't know. I don't remember which of us thought of it first. I think we both had the idea at the same time—the same minute." She picked up the roses and sniffed them ecstatically, eyes half closed. Like a kitten lapping cream, thought Judith. "You know, Judy, when you're very close to someone, you think the same thing at the same time."

"Yes," said Judith. "I suppose you do."

Clouds were creeping over the sun when Judith left the nursing home, and by the time Philip came round to the flat, rain was sprawling on the window.

"Alicia told you?" he asked quietly.

"Yes." His dark eyes were heavy with strain and she longed to comfort him. But she couldn't.

"I love you, Judith." He took her hands and held them for a moment or two then dropped them abruptly.

"No—no. I can't believe it. If you did——"

The room was shadowed. Somewhere outside a gramophone started to play; a harsh cacophony of sound.

"It isn't wiped out as easily as that," he said.

"Then why, why?" But even as she spoke she knew the answer. Perhaps she'd known it all the time.

"I love you, Judith. But Alicia's my wife. Seven years of being married have a meaning in their own right. They're the beginning of the story that asks to go on . . . I can't just rip them out of the book and throw them away. I've got to finish it as I vowed, seven years ago, I would finish it."

"The end of the story——" she murmured.

"Judith, my darling." He put his arms round her and held her close.

Darling. She took hold of the word and cradled it in her heart. He'd so seldom called her that. The acknowledgment of their love had had so short a life. She would keep it for ever, its echo trapped in her lonely room—all she would have to remind her of the joy she could never take.

"JUDITH, my darling." He stroked her hair with gentle hands. "We shall both get over it in time. Time and absence do wonderful things——"

"Absence? You mean—you mean you're going away?"

"Yes. I've been offered a transfer to Scotland."

"So far away!"

"So far away," he echoed. And in her mind it was as though he were already on the journey, travelling away from her into the remote distance where she could never follow. "It's the best thing to do—for all of us."

He kissed her then; a tender kiss that sealed their love for all time in one arrested moment of truth.

"One day you'll forget," he said.

A tear slid down her cheek. "I don't want to forget."

"No. Perhaps we don't have to. This way we both have something we can keep and recall—without regret."

Philip went. She switched off all the lights in the room except the one over the desk. She drew the curtains over the window to shut out the rain. The time had come to write the end of the story, the end that was to be true to life.

The raucous record had changed to a song. It's last line came over to her, fitfully mournful : *Lover come back to me.*

But he wouldn't come back. He'd gone.

She brushed the tears from her eyes and started to write. . . .

That was how it had ended . . . *true to life.* » »

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CHICKEN MARYLAND

PARTIALLY thaw a Birds Eye young chicken and cut in half lengthwise along the breast bone. Dip in seasoned flour, then coat with egg and breadcrumbs. Heat sufficient fat or oil in a stout frying pan to give depth of ½ in. When smoking hot, fry chicken quickly until golden brown. Reduce the heat, cover pan, and continue cooking gently until tender for about twenty minutes. Drain, serve very hot with one banana split lengthwise and fried, cooked sweet corn, bacon rolls (i.e. two rashers of streaky bacon, cut in half, rolled and fried) and garnish with lettuce. Meanwhile cook small packets of Birds Eye green beans and mixed vegetables according to the instructions on the carton. Serve piping hot. As an alternative, sweet corn can be served as fritters. Make batter with 2 oz. self raising flour, 1 level tablespoon salt, a pinch of pepper, ½ beaten egg, 5 tablespoons milk and beat well. Stir in small packet of cooked sweet corn, and fry tablespoons of mixture in a little hot fat until golden brown on both sides. Drain well and serve very hot.

This month Eve's Good Food Club asks—are frozen foods changing the eating habits of British families?

ARE frozen foods *successful*? Are they changing the country's eating habits, in the way that TV has changed our social habits?

I think the answer to the first is *yes* (*writes Barbara Riches*). You can see the signs for yourself. More and more people are coming to expect the familiar white freezer cabinet beside the stalls of fresh vegetables and the fishmonger's marble slab. For a long time now they have been a standard feature of grocers' shops. It is significant that even tucked-away village stores want them—and are having to wait for them!

☆ ☆ ☆

Of the total of canned and frozen vegetables produced in 1950, frozen made up just over two per cent. This increased to over three and a half per cent by 1954. Peas, the most popular line, increased by about seven and a half times from 1947 to 1955. Frozen white fish at present supplies about eight per cent of the national fish larder.

Small percentages, you say? But don't forget that in terms of the total production of the country, they still mean good business to the individual processers. They are fairly healthy figures for a basic industry that has got into its stride on this side of the Atlantic only since the war.

Which brings us to the second question: are quick-frozen foods changing our eating habits? The answer to this is *no*.

A revolution *has* taken place, but it was brought about by the can to meet the demand for speed in a quickening pace of living. It enabled a housewife to prepare, quickly, a meal having very nearly the taste and appearance of fresh foods. Quick-freezing by combining freshness with ease of preparation, merely improves on the pattern already established.

☆ ☆ ☆

A further reason, and perhaps the most important, for the comparatively small consumption of frozen foods . . . most people would rather sacrifice a bit of quality if it means they can go simply to the cupboard to prepare a meal, rather than outside to the store. *Frozen foods can increase in a really big way on the home market only when every home has a refrigerator with an adequate freezer compartment for storage.*

There is nothing fundamentally new about the quick-freezing of foods. It has been done for many years in the Canadian north by mining and logging parties who have had to store many months' supplies in temporary surroundings. A hundred-pound sack of potatoes, flung into forty degrees of frost, freezes very quickly indeed, and keeps perfectly for as long as the cold weather holds. It is a trick copied from the Eskimos, who are past masters in the art of preserving every scrap of food in regions where it is hard come by.

But until a hundred years ago nobody understood why food kept when frozen. The secret lies in speed. The commercial freezing process is essentially a rapid one. For slow freezing allows large crystals of ice to form within the cellular structures, causing destruction of the cell walls. Subsequent thawing results in collapse and rapid decay.

Quick-freezing, on the other hand, produces a frosted condition before ice crystals have time to expand. Thus, thawing leaves the cells in very nearly the same condition as originally. The difference has now been reduced to the point where it has no significant effect on sturdier foods, such as meat, fish, peas, corn, etc.

It is obvious also that the terms "frosted" and "quick-frozen" refer to precisely the same process.

Not all foods can be quick-frozen without damage. They are limited to those having a comparatively low water content and a tough cellular structure: meat, fish, shell fish, most vegetables, some fruits, bread, liquid eggs and double-cream.

☆ ☆ ☆

But all these foods are staples, and as such compete directly with the vast organizations that supply us with fresh foods, and with the housewife's ingrained buying habits. There are five points involved: price stability, storage possibilities, availability, ease of preparation, and freshness. Canned foods score heavily on all but the last; fresh foods have nothing else. Now frozen foods lack only storage possibilities in the home.

The quick-freeze firms have therefore concentrated on two aspects with which the other methods have difficulty: freshness and price stability. You may say that while prices are stable they are also high. It must be remembered that the wastage on fresh produce is anything from 33⅓ per cent for brussels sprouts, 50 per cent for peas and 78 per cent for sweet corn. Besides no wastage, you have both top quality and a saving in time and labour when buying "frozen." Taking all this into account, the price comes out even.

The quick-freezing industry is not without its headaches. One of the worst is the freezing of soft fruits, especially strawberries. Boom year for frozen fruit was 1947. Even now sales do not reach those golden values. Why the housewife resistance?

☆ ☆ ☆

The reason for this is clear. A popular canned strawberry sells for 1s. 10d. for 10 oz. against 2s. 9d. for 10 oz. of the best frozen variety. The difference in price is not compensated for by greater ease of preparation or better quality. The Frigidfruits firm has now developed a way of freezing strawberries with less risk of them becoming a shapeless pulp when thawed.

The future looks bright for frozen-food firms, and, through them, for us, too. Latest additions to their list are fish and chips packed in a newspaper carton, a wide range of meat cuts packed in metal foil and Cellophane, and even a special fine fish food for domestic pets.

All they need now is quick-frozen bird seed!

☆ ☆ ☆

SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED: Birds Eye, Eskimo, Frigidfruits, Fropax, Gold Label, Milford, Mudds, Primecut, Seafrost, Sea Sparkle, Young's shell fish and Westwick.

BRITANNIA and *Eve's* VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE

MAKE THEM IN WOOL

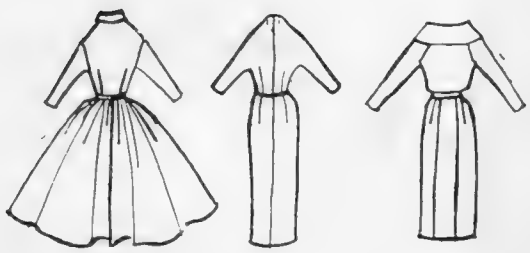
Indispensable in your late-year wardrobe—the 'little wool dress.'
Here are two fashion newcomers and one traditional favourite

8918

There's a new shape in sheath dresses—skirts are still quite straight but bodices have more ease and looseness. Here we show an elegant example of the "bloused" sheath with a front-buttoned, shallow-necked bodice and narrow skirt. New fabric for the new shape—rose red wool jersey with a knitted look. Vogue Pattern 8918, 3s. 6d.; bust sizes 30-40

The well-loved straight-as-a-die sheath makes fashion news by its complete simplicity plus the fact that this dress is the easiest thing in the world to sew. Can be sleeveless or three-quarter. We used wool jersey again but in an unusually flattering colour combination—mole-brown and grey. Vogue Pattern 8930 "Very Easy-to-Make," 3s. 0d.; sizes 31-38

Youngest trend in end-of-year dressing is the appearance of the woollen shirtwaister. It starts a versatile fashion life in November, goes right through till May when its cotton counterpart takes over. Another party-minded version of this dress has a low, wide V-neck and short sleeves. Vogue Pattern 8922, 3s. 6d.; sizes 28-36



8922 8930 8918

8930

8922

HOW TO ORDER

You can order these Vogue Patterns direct from us. Send remittance as indicated below, plus postage (2½d.) to Vogue Pattern Service, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2. (Cheques should be made payable to Vogue Pattern Service.) When ordering please note that bust sizes go up in 2-in. steps, i.e. 32 in., 34 in., 36 in., etc.

Fabric requirements below for patterns in this issue are for size 34 in. bust only. *Before purchasing material be sure to study the pattern envelope, as requirements are always given for other sizes and fabric widths in addition to those quoted below. Fabric widths on the market include 36 in., 42 in., 45 in., 48 in., and 54 in.*

No.	Price		Yards	Width
8918	3s. 6d.	Bloused sheath	2⅝	54 in.
8930	3s. 0d.	Straight sheath	1⅝	54 in.
8922	3s. 6d.	Full-skirted dress with ¾ sleeves	4⅜	54 in.

Elizabeth raised the axe: "Keep your

THE FLOODS OF FEAR

PART III

THE STORY SO FAR

Young Elizabeth Matthews could not believe her ears. "A murderer?" she murmured. "Donavan is a murderer? And Peebles an armed robber?" Rescued by Donavan when the flood-waters engulfed her car she has been dragged to a deserted farm-house. With her is Tom Sharkey, a prison guard who swears to take the two escaped convicts back to prison—"if I have to kill you both first." Without Donavan they will drown. But he has a man to kill . . . and his time is running out.

by John and Ward Hawkins

HUNGER and terror and confusion were everywhere, and it would get worse before it got better.

In West Mills, a committee of prominent citizens met in emergency session at 9 a.m. to discuss flood plans. Mayor Henry Balch presided, a stout, white-haired man whose hands trembled faintly. He said: "I have been informed that help is on the way."

"So's Christmas," someone said.

"Gentlemen," the mayor said, "the flood crest will be higher than anyone dreamed it could be; the damage is already far worse than any early estimate."

He told them forecasts indicated that the lower town and most of the business district would be inundated to a depth of three or four feet. If the north dike held——

"It won't," a rough voice said.

This was the voice of Jack Murphy. He had ignored the empty chairs at the long council table to stand before the windows. He was a huge man, solidly made, but he carried no spare flesh. He was roughly dressed: mud-caked rubber boots, a wool shirt, the sleeves rolled high on big brown arms. His hands were dirty and there was a blond stubble on his jaw.

"Are you sure it won't hold?" the mayor asked.

"I'm sure," Murphy said. "I was out there a couple of hours ago."

"Bad news," the mayor said. He

filthy hands off me," she screamed

pressed his hands hard together to stop their trembling. "Mr. Murphy," he said, "you have been most co-operative. I regret that I must make another request. We need your tugs."

"No," Jack Murphy said.

"Can you refuse to save lives?" a cold voice asked.

"I can refuse to do the impossible," Jack Murphy said. His jaw was set and his blunt stare challenged the dislike that came to some of the faces at the council table. "A man wouldn't be an hour in that flat country before he went hard aground. A sweet fix that would be, wouldn't it? My tugs a mile from the river when the water went down."

"What of the people a mile from help, with the water rising?" the same cold voice asked.

THE owner of the voice was the town's leading banker, and Jack Murphy's blunt stare moved to single him out. "Are you opening your vaults to any flood victim who needs money? Not by a long sight! I've donated a fleet of trucks, two power shovels, three bulldozers, and I'm paying the drivers and operators overtime to man them! Isn't that enough? Isn't that my share?"

The banker, a small wisp of a man with white hair, turned to the others. "The equipment is working only in those areas necessary to the protection of his own river-front property."

Jack Murphy said, "I say that what I'm doing is enough. You can't expect one man to carry the whole load. There are other tugs."

"They've been offered. They're in use."

"Then you've got enough!" Jack Murphy's face was black with fury. "I've got nearly a million dollars' worth of floating equipment on the water front. I stand to lose it without those tugs. And I'm not going to lose it! You're not going to get one of my tugs—not one! Make up your mind to that!"

The banker met his eyes squarely. "They can be commandeered."

Murphy pointed a blunt forefinger at the banker, sighting down it like a rifle. "Come after my tugs," he said. "Come after them any time you like. But I'm warning you—you'll need an army to get them." And he left the meeting.

THE midday hours passed slowly for the people in the flooded farmhouse in the Humboldt area above Lebannon. There was little for any of them to do. Even watching for possible rescue craft was useless; Donavan had made that very clear.

"I don't want help," he'd said to Elizabeth Matthews and Tom Sharkey. "Help of any kind would mean an attempt to imprison me again, and that would probably be fatal to me, as well as to others. I'll see that you're given every chance to stay alive; in return, you'll do the same for me."

His voice had been matter-of-fact, his clear, dark eyes quietly sober. "If one of you fails me, that one will be dropped in the river before help arrives—and that is a very solemn promise."

Donavan, alone, seemed unaffected by fatigue or need of sleep.

He climbed to a window sill, crouched there and jumped feet first into the flood. A few strokes carried him to a pile of debris caught against the house.

Separating a log and a twelve-by-twelve timber from the rest, he brought them along the side of the house to a point below the window on the upper floor.

THERE with salvaged nails and an axe, Donavan fashioned the log and the twelve-by-twelve into the frame-work of a raft. A square of shingled roof was nailed down to serve as a deck, a length of barbed wire cut from a floating fence post became a painter.

The others were waiting for him silently now. In the mind of each, clearly, was the question of who was to go and who was to stay. Donavan did not answer at once. He spread a blanket on the floor and piled supplies in it.

Then he gathered the four corners of the blanket together and tied them. Coming erect, he tossed the bundle to Tom Sharkey.

"You," he said. "You alone."

Sharkey's hands opened slowly and the bundle dropped to the floor.

"No, thanks," he said.

"You've got no choice."

"As long as I'm alive, I've got a choice," Sharkey said. "You may not think so, but you and Peebles are my prisoners. I don't leave my prisoners behind me. Nor do I leave this girl."

"Tom," Donavan said quietly, "this is the chance to live I promised you. You're going to take it, like it or not."

"I'm not," Sharkey said. "We're all going or we're all staying here until help comes. You'll have to kill me to change that. For the love of heaven, be reasonable, man! If I left you now, at your orders, you would be an escaped convict. I'd have to hunt you down, and I *would* hunt you down."

DONAVAN picked him up and carried him to the open window and dropped him, feet first, to the raft. Sprawled there, braced on rigid arms, Sharkey stared up at Donavan.

"Let me take the girl," he said hoarsely.

"The girl stays with me," Donavan said. "Shove off."

Elizabeth fought to get through the window; then fought Donavan, who easily held her away from it.

"Let me go!" she gasped. "I want to go with him! I'd rather die than stay with you!"

Donavan brought her into the curve of his arm, pinning her arms against her body, holding her against himself. "No," Donavan said, "you'd rather live. And your chance of living is better if you stay with me."

The raft began to drift away. Tom Sharkey looked up at Elizabeth's white face.

"Don't worry, lass," he said. "I'll come after you."

"Wait!" Elizabeth cried. "Take me with you!"

"And you, Donavan," Sharkey said. "As God is my witness, I'll come after you. I'll jail you or kill you, if I have to follow you till the end of time!"

Donavan moved away. Elizabeth stared at him with hate-filled, furious and tearful eyes, then turned and ran to the far bedroom. She threw herself on the bed there, sobbing.

In a little while a boat came into view, a rowboat, empty and riding with its gunwales nearly awash on the sluggish current. Donavan climbed to the window sill and left the house in a long, flat dive.

Peebles yelled and ran to the window. He saw at once what the task was. "Donavan!" he yelled. "Come back, you fool! You'll never make it!"

The urgency of his voice, the near-panic in it, got Elizabeth up off the bed in the far room. Her face was tear-streaked and pale. "No," she whispered. "He can't."

"Tell 'im to come back!" Peebles said. "Y'want to get left here?"

Elizabeth turned suddenly from the window. Her face was distorted; she pressed her hands to her temples. "Yes! Yes, I do!" It was almost a scream. "I want to be left here! Go with him! Both of you go and leave me alone!" She ran back to the other room and threw herself on the bed again.

DONAVAN'S path across the flood was slanting, planned to meet the downward drift of the boat. The meeting was not exact. Donavan's lifted hand missed the bow of the boat. He turned, trying again, and then it seemed that he did not have strength enough to heave himself aboard. He went hand-over-hand along the flank of it to the stern. There he finally pulled himself up to lie across the stern thwart.

Peebles ran into the other room, took Elizabeth by the shoulder and pulled her to a sitting position.

"C'mon, get up!" he said. "You're goin' for a boat ride. You want to dry them tears and sharpen up."

"No!" Elizabeth said. "I'm not going!" She left the bed to put her back against the wall near the window.

"Oh, yes, you are," Peebles said. "Donavan ain't goin' to leave you behind. Don't you like the big guy?"

"No!"

"So how about me?"

Elizabeth's pale face was stiff, there was no hiding the revulsion in her wide grey eyes. "You are filthy, despicable!"

"Have it your way." Ugly laughter moved in Peebles's throat. "But I didn't go up for murder. I didn't get mixed up with another joker's wife and break her neck. Donavan did."

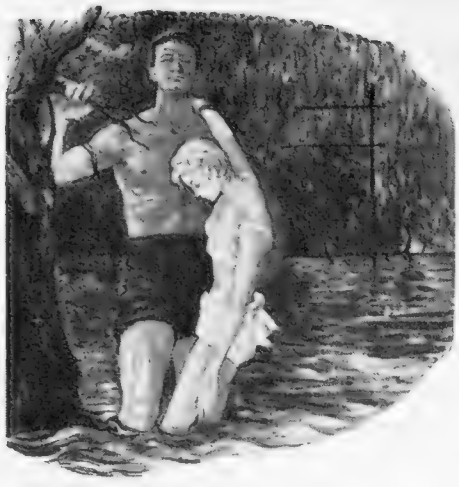
ELIZABETH stared, shocked and disbelieving.

"Let me tell you," he said. "This Donavan was a big wheel once—money, cars, a big house—what I hear, he had it all. Then the husband and a private cop bust in and find him with this doll dead in his hands. There's no way around it, he killed her.

"It was in all the papers, six, seven years ago. You must've seen it."

Elizabeth had seen it. She was remembering the newspaper pictures now. She remembered the pictures, but nothing of the trial.

"She looked something like you," Peebles said. (*Continued on page 68*)



THE FLOODS OF FEAR

(Continued from previous page)

"Same size, same colour hair. Her name was Murphy—Nan, Norma—something like that."

Donavan made the boat fast to a porch post and came into the house again.

He looked up to find Elizabeth in the doorway, watching him silently. She was looking at him with a kind of horrid fascination.

"Peebles told you all about me," he said.

"Yes," Elizabeth said. "And I remember the papers."

"SO now you know," Donavan said. He went on with the work of shaping a paddle. And Elizabeth went on watching him silently. Now his hands took all her attention. They were big, powerful hands; working with the axe and the wood, they were deft and skilled. She could well believe those hands could easily break a woman's neck—a grip, and twist and then a snap. Now her own throat began to ache and there was a sickness almost unbearable inside her.

Desperately Elizabeth said, "What are you going to do with me? You can't keep me in the middle of nowhere for ever. Why didn't you let me go with Mr. Sharkey?"

"I built the raft with small nails—all I had," he answered. "I doubt that it will hold together in rough going. Alone, he'd probably survive by hanging on to one of the pieces. If you were along, he'd probably drown himself and you, trying to keep you alive. You won't drown with me. I can keep you alive without a raft and without a boat—you should know that by now."

"Just a moment, Mr. Donavan," she said.

THERE was a new note in her voice, an effort towards firmness. When she turned, Donavan saw she had reached a decision of some sort, but there was not yet any real conviction in her voice or any real confidence.

"You've decided what?" Donavan asked.

"To go with you," she said. "But not willingly—under protest. And I want something clearly understood. I'm going to do everything I can to see that you go back to prison where you belong. If I can signal anyone, I will. If I can talk to anyone, I'll tell them who and what you are. And when you put me ashore, I'm going straight to the police."

Donavan took her arm. She fought him then, scratching, pounding his chest, crying hysterically. He caught her up, took her to the downstream window and handed her down to Peebles. Donavan dropped into the boat and shook her roughly.

"That's enough!" His voice was harsh, his hands hurting. "I can tie you, and I will, if I have to. Quiet down!"

She stared at him a moment, trying to find strength to fight him; then collapsed suddenly on the amidship thwart.

LATER she spoke to the black shadow that was Donavan. "You're really very desperate, aren't you?"

"I want to stay alive, if that's what you mean."

"And die rather than let them take you?"

"Yes," he said.

"I told you what I'd do about you. I didn't know then if I'd be able to or not, but now I know I can fight you. You're a murderer. You've got to go back to prison."

"Yeah?" Peebles said from the bow.

He leaned forward suddenly and caught her by the hair. A jerk pulled her backwards off the amidship thwart. He held her by the hair and brought his face close to hers. "Let me tell you something. You make one wrong move when I'm around, and——"

Both her hands went up, fingers hooked into claws. Her nails raked Peebles's face from forehead to chin, dragging his glasses off, digging at his eyes.

"You'll pay for that!" he said. "Let me get you alone, and you'll pay for that!"

Quietly Donavan said, "Hold your dirty tongue."

"Filthy worm!" Elizabeth said.

DONAVAN'S hand dropped on her shoulder. "Steady, girl," he said. "Let's take it a bit slower. Like anybody else, you've got to grow up a little at a time." And to Peebles, "That's all for you. Rough her again, and I'll collect for it."

"She clawed my face. She——"

"You heard me," Donavan said. "Lay into that paddle."

They reached an island just before full daylight. It was a piece of farm land, perhaps three feet above the flood at the highest point. There were a few trees, some undergrowth and an open area where grain was still standing. Donavan beached the boat and, with Peebles's help, ran it well up out of the water, partially beneath the overhang of the trees.

"Take the axe," he told Peebles. "Get some wood together. Dead wood, as dry as you can find. We don't want a smoke."

Elizabeth, who had called cold man's greatest misery, now called fire his greatest blessing. She was warmed, fed hot food, then wrapped in a warmed blanket while Donavan spread her clothes on a crude rack and dried them.

He spread the other blankets where the sun could reach them best. There were four. Two he gave to Peebles. And he stood beside the other two and looked at Elizabeth.

"You'll share these blankets with me," he said to her. "It's the least of the possible evils. And quite a small one. I promise you." A faint smile touched his mouth. "I'm known as a man who snores very quietly."

"All right," she said.

When the blanket had covered them, he turned his face from her at once and slept. And she slept. She awakened to find the sun well past noon. She did not move for a long time.

Then she got up quietly. Now the sound of a far-off aeroplane reached her ears.

There had to be some means of signalling it. There was no snow in which to tramp out a distress signal, no sand to mark, nothing white to hand, and no place to hang anything where Donavan and Peebles would not see it first.

SHE walked into the grain and found her answer. The grain was broken down, a path was left behind her. Hurrying then, she tramped out the large letters *H—E—L——* There was not room for more, but the meaning of these could not be mistaken. The grain that was still standing concealed the message; only a man in a plane could read it.

She returned to the boat. Donavan was awake now. He had not gone looking for her; she was a woman, with a woman's right to privacy. But he looked at her now and saw what he wanted to know.

He awakened Peebles. "The girl's been up to something," he said. "I think she's rigged a signal of some kind. Find it."

Peebles rubbed sleep from his face and stared angrily at Elizabeth.

Elizabeth looked at him, hating him. Peebles cursed her. His hand went out to take her arm. And Elizabeth spun away. There was no fear in her; only a sudden, blind fury.

The axe was lying near the fire. She caught it up and turned again, lifting it high.

Her voice raked him like claws. "You slimy beast; you rotten creature. Keep your filthy hands off."

Donavan said, "Hold that, both of you."

Peebles turned. "Are you gonna let this——"

To Elizabeth, Donavan said, "Put down the axe."

HIS eyes held hers, dark and steady, implacably commanding. She hadn't the will or the strength to defy him. She let the axe fall. Then, with a movement that seemed unhurried and without anger, Donavan took two strides and caught Peebles by the throat.

"This is the last time I'll tell you to leave the girl alone," he said. "Don't ever try to lay a hand on her again. Do you understand me?"

Peebles could not reply. The hands about his throat had closed it. Donavan held him thus until the small man's eyes began to bulge and his face began to darken. Then he released him and let him fall away, choking and gasping.

"I told you to find out what the girl did," Donavan said. "Keep at it if it takes you the rest of the day."

The plane passed (*Continued on page 87*)

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My son John...

IT was just a small note.

"There will be a school concert on the 16th of next month," it said. "Your son has been chosen to play a mouse. Would you be good enough to provide a suitable costume? It should be simple and not expensive. . . ."

"I can't sew," said my wife.

And then . . . *"I'll have to have £1 for the material, buy a pattern and you'll have to help me."*

"But I don't know anything about needlework," I said.

"That doesn't matter," she said. "You're good at cutting out things. Then Mary can help me to put it together . . . and Mimi and Anne."

We had a fortnight to do it in. First we could only get a pattern for a rabbit costume. We decided to adapt it.

After that we made it too big. Then too small. Then we spent another £1 on material.

We decided that the tail was wrong. We shortened the ears. *And when it looked like a mouse sired by a rabbit we decided it was good enough.*

That was until Mary, Mimi and Anne saw it. . . .

The night before the concert the five of us tore it to pieces.

At 4 a.m. a rather bleary-eyed little boy was awakened from his sleep and shovelled into the costume. He looked just like a rabbit sired by a mouse.

"Good," said my wife. "Good," said Mary. "Good," said Mimi. "Jolly good," said Anne. I no longer cared.

At five o'clock that evening he burst into the house.

"Was I good?" he asked.

"Very good," I replied. "Oh," he said, and turned to go.

"Just a moment," I said. "Where's the costume?"

"Oh, that," he replied. "I gave it away."

"You WHAT?"

"Well, not s'actly gave it away. I saw some sweets I like in the tuckshop, an' I hadn't any money. An' Peter Andrews wanted the costume, an' he had some money, so I sold it. After all, it was only an old bit of stuff an' I didn't want it any more."

"How much did you get?"

"Tuppence."

"And what did Peter Andrews want it for?"

"Well, actually, his father wants rags to clean his car an' he gives Peter sixpence for every bundle. . . ."

I'm sure there's a moral in this somewhere. But I'm hanged if I can find it.—**CAMERON YORKE**

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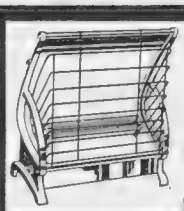

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A HOUSE LIKE THAT

(Continued from page 15)

public confession was repugnant to her, but Julian was an ardent Grouper. He was a good young man.

Sometimes she was amused by trivial confessions. When Julian confessed that he always took the most comfortable chair in the room she suspected him of "showing off." She ragged him a little afterwards. He was offended.

"Everyone in the room, except yourself," he said, "was very much in earnest. Don't be trivial."

Exactly the secret accusation she had brought against him.

She did not defend herself. She never did. It was tacitly understood between them that she was not quite good enough for him.

He took her to visit his widowed mother in Cheltenham. "My bride must be approved by my mamma," he said. "But you are just the sort of girl she would like for a daughter-in-law."

He was mistaken about this.

Mrs. Brown was stately. She gave Nina an affectionate welcome. A little too effusive? Even theatrical? Nina put the thought away from her. She loved absurdities, but her readiness to laugh was an annoyance to Julian. She must try to be more serious.

"Julian is devoted to his home. He is the best of sons," said his mother one day. "I know that nothing can alter his devotion to Mother." *(A little jealous?)*

JULIAN had been out, but now he came in.

"I have brought you some roses, Mummy darling."

"Oh darling, how wonderful! But you never forget Mother."

"Is it likely I could?" affectionately putting his arm round her waist and kissing her.

"I've something for you, too, Nina. I can never read your writing, so I've got you a decent pen," producing an obviously expensive fountain pen.

"Oh dear!" said his mother. "Really the boy ought not to be allowed out alone." *(Was a gift for Mother dutiful devotion; a gift for her mere extravagance, Nina wondered.)*

One day during her visit she stopped in the hall to look at the portrait of one of the more pompous of Julian's more or less illustrious ancestors. The red-faced old gentleman with bulging eyes and little grey wig had often amused her. But this time her smile was cut short by a scrap of conversation she heard through the half-open door of the drawing-room.

"Of course, darling, I quite see what attacted you. She is very pretty."

"She's more than that. She is very sweet."

"She's very lucky. But I wonder if you have been really wise."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I wish you had waited a little longer. You are so young. After all, there are so many very pretty and very sweet girls in the world. An attractive boy like you can choose. You have the world before you. I always hoped that when you married you would choose a girl who would help you in your career.

"After all, who is she?"

"She's a charming girl. And as to helping me in my career, who could do that better than Nina? She has more brains in her little finger than I have in my thick head."

"I was not thinking of brains, darling."

NINA felt she must enter the room. Julian jumped up and asked tenderly, "Headache better, sweetheart?"

Mrs. Brown looked confused. "'I thought you were lying down in your room," she said.

She forced a smile. "I was. But the headache is better."

"Well, I'm glad you're better. Now we will have a cup of tea. Ring the bell, Julian."

Relations after this became a little strained. Nina found it hard to be quite natural with Mrs. Brown. She became suspicious, looking out for a double meaning in her remarks. She was sometimes irritable with Julian.

"You have such beautiful hands, Julian," said his mother fondly at the table one day.

Julian almost seemed to purr. Nina secretly did not agree, but she knew that Mrs. Brown considered beautiful hands aristocratic. She herself really had beautiful hands, but she knew they would entirely escape Mrs. Brown's notice.

She appealed to Nina. "Don't you think so?"

"I won't pander to his vanity," she said lightly.

Later Mrs. Brown said: "You and Julian are not yet formally engaged are you?"

(Continued on page 72)

SN19

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A HOUSE LIKE THAT

(Continued from page 70)

"It's a quite definite understanding."

"Yes, but I think it would be better not to announce it just yet. After all you cannot be married for a long time. Julian must think of his career."

"But at Oxford *everyone* knew."

"Well, I think we will not put an announcement in *The Times* just yet. In any case Julian really cannot afford an engagement ring—at least not the sort of ring I should like to see on the finger of my daughter-in-law." (*She could part with one of her own if she wanted to, thought Nina.*)

Aloud she said, "I don't care about a ring."

"It's not the most important thing certainly. What matters most is that you should both be quite sure."

"We are. I am. I am sure Julian is."

"You must understand, my dear, that I am anxious about Julian. He is my only son, and when he marries I want him to find as much love in his wife as he has in his mother."

"But don't you think that I *do* love him?"

"IT seems to me that you don't admire him quite as I do. There was that little episode at lunch when you said you would not pander to his vanity. That was not loving."

"It's good for everyone to be laughed at a little. I only laugh at people I like."

"You laugh too much. You have even laughed at his religion. I should not have expected that of you." Mrs. Brown was a good woman.

"His religion? Oh, you mean that episode at the Group. But who could take it seriously?"

"I never laugh at serious things."

"No," assented Nina quietly. (*Nor at anything else, she thought.*)

"Julian needs all the loving sympathy a good woman can give an honest man," continued his mother, "and in your case it is particularly necessary that you should give all you can. You see, you have only yourself to give. No relatives who might give a helping hand. And—excuse me—but there is no money on your side. I do not want to be worldly, but these things do matter."

Nina was confounded. These facts were undeniable, but she had not supposed they mattered — had not thought about them. But it was precisely this fact of having no parents or any near relations except the aunt who had brought her up, and to whom she was only too plainly somewhat of an encumbrance, that increased Julian's importance to her. He was all she had to love. Now for the first time she faced the horror of losing him.

"I rather think that Julian may have been drawn towards you partly because you have no parents and no real home," went on his mother. "He is so devoted to his own home, and so tender hearted."

An uncomfortable thought. She wanted him to admire her, not to feel sorry for her.

"Now I want you to promise me, Nina, that you will not allow him to marry you just because he is sorry for you. There must be real love on both sides."

"I think you can be sure of that."

After this, there seemed gradually to be a subtle change in Julian. He became grander in his already grand ideas. He let her know that his mother thought he should have had a more splendid destiny. He seemed sometimes to try to make her feel unworthy to share the splendour that should be his natural heritage.

"If I had not loved him," she reflected, "I should sometimes have thought him slightly dotty."

THEY were driving one day near her home when they passed a magnificent mansion standing in its own park.

"That is the sort of place I should like to have," he remarked solemnly.

She understood, and it gave her a stab. It meant, "You with your modest background are quite unable to appreciate the kind of thing that is natural to me."

All the same, she was bound to smile. She recognized the house.

"Well, you may live there some day," she said gaily. "It's the lunatic asylum."

This was not well received.

After Oxford, he entered a business firm, presumably to take the first steps towards making the fortune that would provide the country mansion. It was clear that for reasons not unconnected with the family portraits he must infallibly rise to the top of the tree. (It seemed now, thought

(*Continued on page* 81)

"Oh!..." at the Show and "Ah...!" on the road...

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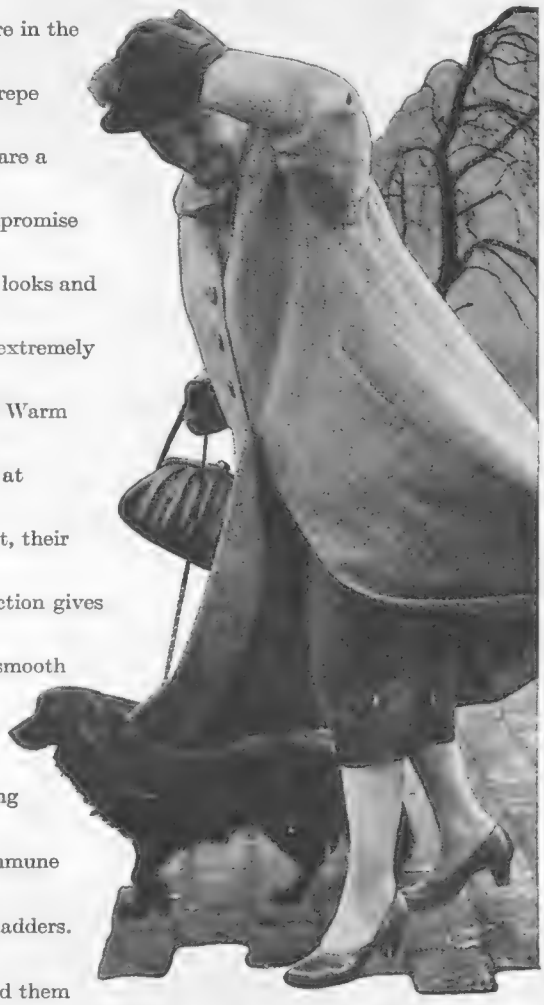
Does it seem to you, nowadays, that the winters are worse than they were? Is it more of a struggle every year to keep on looking smart and feeling warm? If it is, you might consider a new kind of nylons that are in the shops now—crepe nylons. They are a flattering compromise between good looks and comfort, and extremely hard wearing. Warm and cosy, not at all transparent, their crepe construction gives them a sleek smooth fit that is most becoming and almost immune to snags and ladders. You won't find them very cheap, but they are unusually good stockings; a pleasure to wear and very long lasting.



for warm good looks

crepe *Nylons*

In smooth crepe or lace-knit—have you seen them?

—and talking of BOOKS . . .

DASHING DANE IS A HEADLINE HIT

THE best-known creation of milliner Aage Thaarup is the famous tricorne worn by Her Majesty when, as Princess Elizabeth, she deputized for King George at the Trooping the Colour.

The dashing Dane has a frothing story to tell of the **Heads And Tales** (Cassell, 21s.) in his vivid life.

First pointer towards success came when he set off for India with two hundred borrowed pounds and a few hats. He had an instant success: all the memsahibs, from the Governor's Lady down, bought his confections.

Back in England, in the roaring thirties, business boomed. An amber and black tulle version of a bedouin headdress for the immortal Marlene, coolie hats for Anna May Wong, wimple-and-coif echoes of the fifteenth century for Elisabeth Bergner, spreading black velvet for Vivien Leigh. Later came the crowning honour when Royalty ordered Thaarup hats.

Ever since Lady Hester Stanhope took to the life of the nomad, with an Arab sheikh as husband, other intrepid women travellers have been drawn by the pitiless sands of the Sahara.

Latest to tread the trail is petite chauffeuse Barbara Toy. In Pollyanna, most reliable of Land-Rovers, she roves Libya. Calling herself A **Fool In The Desert** (Murray, 18s.), she still manages to get within nine miles of Mecca, is entertained by the Foreign Legion, picks her way through abandoned minefields to help in the discovery of British, German and Italian graves, and even, diving-suited, plumbs Benghazi harbour.

QUICK LOOKS

The Human Hand, by Noel Jaquin (Rockcliff, 21s.). No one knows how, or why, the vagaries of human character, conduct and health should be reflected in the markings of the hand. Here, authorized by forty years' research, is an interpretation of the lines on your palm. Controversial subject—but I, for one, am with Mr. Jaquin all the way.

Recipes Around The World, by Joyce Muriel (Harrap, 9s. 6d.). Gourmet's round-up of the culinary successes of both hemispheres.

Slimming The French Way, by Albert Antoine (Bell, 12s. 6d.). Subject of perennial interest given a cross-Channel slant by M. Antoine, who reduced himself from seventeen stone to ten.

—*LELGARDE LINDSAY.*

POP GOES HIS SYMPHONY

"I'VE GOT A MISSION NOW," sings the hero of "Pipe Dream," latest product of the Rodgers and Hammerstein show factory. Richard Rodgers himself seems to have a mission now. A misguided one.

He has written the music for more than thirty musical comedies and composed well over a thousand songs of which some seventy-five, like "Blue Moon" and "Lover," are to be found in the library of every dance band, light orchestra, tea-room ensemble and theatre organist.

But at fifty-three Rodgers, apparently, is not satisfied. He sets out to prove that his melodies are more than just tunes.

He conducts the mighty Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York in an elaborate, symphonic arrangement of four of his waltzes on a Philips 12-inch LP— and this is about the most pretentious stuff I have ever heard.

The first movement of Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony ("Pathetique") was "popularized" as "Story of a Starry Night." But how much better it sounds as the composer meant it to be heard—played by the splendid Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, conducted by Paul van Kempen, on another Philips 12-inch LP.—HENRY LEWIS.

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Give Black Seal Port this Christmas.
A bottle makes the kind of gift
your friends will appreciate.
You would too. So why not buy a bottle
for yourself at the same time.
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BLACK SEAL PORT

MARSHALL TAPLOW LTD., WHITEHALL DISTILLERY, LONDON, E.15

WINE

Port makes a perfect pick-me-up

PORT is to many the noblest wine of all, certainly the wine most typical and most beloved of the British Isles.

The reasons why are two-fold: it suits our island climate admirably and matures beautifully in our own cellars; it has an extremely long and amicable history—a history which is almost the history of Anglo-Portuguese friendship.

As far back as 1353 Edward III made a far-reaching treaty with Portugal enabling her fishermen to catch cod off our coast, to which they brought fine wine to barter for other goods.

The Portuguese Government is extremely strict in ensuring that only wine grown in the famous Douro Valley is sold abroad as port.

The Douro rises in Spain and winds its way towards the Portuguese coast through some of the finest rocky scenery in all Europe: here, on the hilly, fantastically carved terraces with their thin schistous soil, grow the stunted vines in close-packed array.

☆ ☆ ☆

Vintage takes place in September or October. Women pluck most of the grapes, the men carrying them in 120-lb. basket-loads to the "lagar," a flat stone trough where fermentation must begin as speedily as possible. This is ensured by what is known as "cutting"—the men, always with scrupulously scrubbed legs and feet, stamp out the purple grapes into a frothing swill of new wine. Only the human foot can press the grapes without crushing the pips.

When the wine-farmer thinks the necessary point of dryness has been reached, the wine is run off into casks, and clear brandy added to stop the fermentation.

By the following Spring the wine has sobered down. A little more brandy is added, the wine is racked and put into the famous "pipes"—giant casks holding about 120 gallons—which are taken, often by water, down to the shippers' lodges at Vila Nova de Gaia, the twin city of Oporto, where most port is stored.

At this stage the port is somewhat raw, and dark purple in colour. After a while in cask, it becomes a less intense colour, known to us as Ruby. But a longer spell in wood takes out more of the colour, so that the wine may be light Ruby, then medium Tawny, Tawny and finally light Tawny, by which styles it is sold in Britain.

Colour does not necessarily imply sweetness, or even great age, for sometimes a cheaper Tawny port may in fact be a youngish red wine with an admixture of older white port.

☆ ☆ ☆

Many people find confusion with Vintage and Crusted ports, but the difference is simple enough. Vintage port—for most connoisseurs the greatest wine on earth—is made only from the pick of each season's harvest, carefully blended in Portugal and shipped to England to be bottled by a wine merchant early in its career, maturing slowly and lengthily in the cool, damp climate of our native cellars.

From the day of bottling, it must never be disturbed until selected for drinking—seldom before twenty years have passed. By then, it will have formed its characteristic crust, and needs most careful handling and decanting.

Crusted port, which is the next best thing as a prime after-dinner drink to the expensive Vintage, is a blend of younger ports from several years, shipped in wood and matured in bottle over here for a shorter time, until a slight crust has appeared.

Ruby and Tawny ports, selected always from a famous shipper and to one's own taste in sweetness and lusciousness, are not only appropriate after a meal—they are also admirable pick-me-ups during the day.

All port must be treated with respect, drunk very slowly from the biggest goblet you have, savoured and admired like the princely nectar it is—*D. G.*

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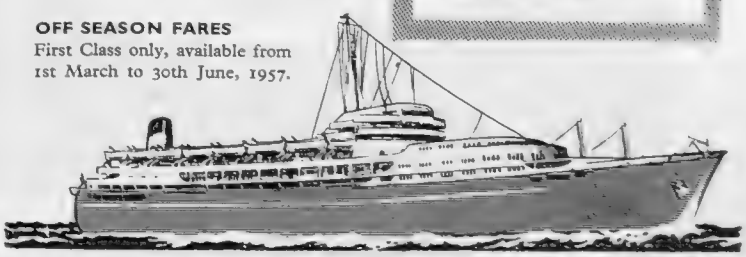

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or apply to your local Travel Agent.

Here's the way to choose fruit and vegetables when you're planning...

A GARDEN FOR YOUR KITCHEN

by ELIZABETH HAY

PLANNING a new garden? Then first ask yourself how much time you are prepared to devote to its future upkeep.

Decide how much space should be devoted to lawns, flowers and shrubs; how much to the kitchen garden and what your family will want from it.

If you ask yourself these questions first, you will save hours of work later on.

In a kitchen garden (unless you have the space and time to grow a little of everything) the best crops to choose are the ones that are most expensive in the shops—asparagus, early peas and beans and soft fruit.

If the budget allows, and a long-term policy can be adopted from the start, hard fruit such as apples and pears, and stone fruit such as plums, gages, peaches and cherries, should be put in as well, as these take longer to reach the fruit bearing stage.

When we were planning our kitchen garden I made sure *first* what I wanted to grow.

All good gardeners are theoretically against fruit cages. They are expensive to put up, and make cultivation difficult, but if you live in a district where there are a great many birds, you may be forced to have one. *So keep your soft fruits all together, and include peas as well in this plot.* They can be interchanged with lettuces and strawberries to give the ground a rest.

If you have to have a fruit cage, do not cover the top with galvanized wire. Use old fish nets for the top, and remove them when the soft fruit season is over. *The drip from galvanized wire on to the fruit bushes and plants does not do them any good.*

DIG and manure the ground well before putting in your fruit bushes, as most of them are permanent crops and can only be fed in the future by way of top dressings.

The worst thing about soft fruits is picking them—a back-breaking and often prickly job. *We grow all our red currants and gooseberries as triple cordons, or as standards.*

The cordons, grown up six-foot bamboo canes, save an enormous amount of space, and are easier to pick and spray. On a rich, heavy soil, the cordons can be in the form of an eight-stem grid, but on a light soil this usually is more than the plant can manage, and we only aim at a three-stem cordon. Start off with the same plant that can be grown in bush form, but take the two lowest side shoots and tie them to canes on either side of the main shoot, six to eight inches apart. Then pinch the other shoots out.

Red and white currants can be grown on their own roots as standards. Let the main shoot grow for the first two years, pinching out all the side shoots after they have made one or two leaves. Then, when the main stem is about three feet high, the short side branches that have (*Continued on page* 84)

Illustration by Martin Stringer

I'm tired of long dark nights of gloom

I'm putting an Osram in every room!

To come back to a well lighted home!
Is there anything more cheering?
And good bright light is cheap indeed
when you have Osram. Put them on your
shopping list and ask for them by name.

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3 exciting dishes for 3 popular wives!

Stork Wives Club

ORGANISED BY THE STORK MARGARINE COOKERY SERVICE

9 GREAT SUFFOLK STREET, LONDON, S.E.1

* * *

Dear Member,

The Christmas season is not far off now, and I know you will be looking forward to having the children home from school, and gathering the family around for your wonderful Christmas spread. All members will be getting a lovely Christmas leaflet with some excellent recipes for all the extra goodies you will want for the holiday, but I know from your letters that you are already giving the family wonderful treats throughout the year.

I have also had many letters saying that with our planned recipes, set out stage by stage, even the most inexperienced cook is achieving that really professional finish. And now that bad weather is coming, many of you who resolve to feed your family with good, nourishing food to avoid those tiresome winter ills are finding lots of help in our recipe booklets. And for all the other seasons we're thinking of still more ways to help you!

Yours sincerely,

Margery Appleton.

ARE *YOU* A MEMBER YET?

To participate in all the activities of the Club you have to be a member—so why not become one? Just fill in the coupon on the right, then you'll qualify for all the recipes and booklets which this busy, interesting Club sends out.

VAN DEN BERGHS & JURGENS LIMITED, LONDON, E.C.4

WHICH WIFE ARE YOU?

. . . At work in a full-time job?

Then make this delicious quick meal. . . .

ROLLED PLAICE WITH GHERKINS. Roll four fillets of plaice with skin side inwards, place in a casserole brushed with melted Stork, dot with Stork, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and bake for 20-25 minutes in a fairly hot oven (Regulo Mark 6: 400°F.) on the second shelf from the top. Slice 1 lb. carrots, and cook in boiling salted water until soft (15-20 minutes). Drain, add ½ oz. Stork, season, and shake lightly until coated with the melted Stork. Slice 1 lb. cooked potatoes, heat 3 oz. Stork, and fry until nicely browned on both sides. Chop one large pickled gherkin finely. Arrange the potatoes on the centre of a hot dish, season, and sprinkle with the chopped gherkin.

Lay the plaice fillets on top, arrange the carrots in four portions round. Slice another gherkin, and arrange between. Garnish with sprigs of parsley, and sliced tomato. Serves 4 portions.

At home all day with less-than-five-year-olds? You'll find this sweet particularly good!

BANANA AND BLACKCURRANT NESTS. Sieve 4 oz. (4 heaped tablespoons) plain flour with a pinch of salt. Rub in 2½ oz. Stork Margarine, stir in one rounded dessertspoon castor sugar and mix to a smooth paste with one dessertspoon cold water. Roll out thinly and cut into four shapes like bananas but half an inch larger all round. Brush each edge with water

and press on ¼ inch wide strip of the pastry all round to form a rim. Brush all over with milk or water and sprinkle with castor sugar. Place on a baking sheet and bake for 20-25 minutes in a very moderate oven (Regulo Mark 3: 335°F.) on the third shelf from the top, until crisp and golden. Remove and cool on a wire tray. To fill, peel and halve lengthways two ripe bananas and dip in lemon juice. Pour 1 dessertspoon blackcurrant purée, (or raspberry or strawberry jam) into each pastry case and spread to sides, arrange bananas on top, rounded sides upwards. Decorate with whipped cream and glacé cherries. Serves 4 portions.

At home while the family's out all day?

They'll enjoy this appetising dish!

STUFFED MARROW RINGS

Take 1 lb. chipolata sausages and skin half. Mix the skinned sausages with 1 heaped tablespoon sweet chutney, salt and pepper and 1 oz. melted Stork. Divide in four and form into rounds on a floured board. Heat 1½ oz. Stork in meat tin, bake sausages and sausage rounds 25-30 minutes in fairly hot oven (Regulo Mark 6: 400°F.) on second shelf from top; basting and turning. Cut 1 marrow into four thick rings and boil in salted water 10-15 minutes until soft. Heat 1 small tin peas and drain. Remove marrow rings and scoop out seeds and pith. Arrange on a large fireproof dish; place a round of sausage stuffing in each ring, arrange remaining ½ lb. sausages round; garnish with peas, and sliced seasoned tomatoes; return to oven for 10 minutes to reheat. Garnish with watercress; and serve with mashed potato and thick gravy. Serves 4 portions.

. . . And here's a clever way to give soup a luxury look!

When you're making imitation cream in a cream-maker with unsalted Stork Margarine and milk, don't sweeten it at first, keep some 'plain' cream aside and add a teaspoonful of this to each bowl of soup, whether tinned, home-made, or from a packet. It adds a delicious, luxury touch!

And here's a delicious treat for the children . . .

COCONUT TREAT MADE WITH STORK

It's so easy! Cream 4 oz. Stork with one large tin condensed milk. Work in three 6 oz. pkts. desiccated coconut and 4 oz. (4 well-heaped tablespoons) sieved icing sugar. Divide into four; add a different colouring and flavouring to each; if liked, add chopped glacé cherries, crystallized ginger, melted chocolate, etc. Form into balls. Leave to set. Makes over 2 lb. sweets.

You can use Stork in so many exciting ways, can't you? — in fact you can really

ENJOY LIFE WITH STORK

MEMBERSHIP FORM

To Stork Wives Club (Dept.E.8.), 9 Great Suffolk Street, London, S.E.1

I want to become a member of the Stork Wives Club. I enclose 1/- Postal Order to cover cost of registration as a Member, and to help towards postage and packing. Postal Orders should be made payable to Van den Berghs Ltd., and crossed "& Co."

If you have *not* got a copy of the "Art of Home Cooking" (100-page Cookery Book) and would like us to send it, tick here.....

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COMPETITION WINNERS!

Did you enter the lunch box competition in July? Here are the winners: 1st prize £25, Mrs. A. J. Preston, Bebington, Cheshire; 2nd prize £10, Mrs. E. J. Dobson, Ribbleton, Preston, Lancs; 3rd prize £5, Mrs. Johnstone, High St., Olney, Bucks. Ideal imitation cream-making machines have been sent to 20 lucky runners-up!

JSC 471-692-135

THE OLD MAN

(Continued from page 57)

There was an epiglottal rumbling from his lordship. A few minutes later he was speaking to the editor in very big, very black headlines: "I have spent my whole life advocating progress and now I read this in one of my own newspapers. This-man-must-ne-ver-write-for-the-*Express* again." He never did.

He has always been unpredictable. For that reason his support is not without its hazards. But fledgling M.P.s know that they can always get a mention in his papers by giving the Empire a plug in the Commons.

Beaverbrook parliamentary reporters could hear the word "Empire" if it was being mumbled under a mattress in the House of Commons crypt.

Working close to his Lordship is a trying business. When Beaverbrook was a vigorous fifty or so it was even more difficult to match his explosive energy, changing moods, enthusiasms, rages.

There came the time when one of his longest serving employees—let's call him Faithful—arrived at the moment of truth. Driven beyond endurance, he blurted: "I can't stand you any longer, sir. I'm resigning." And fled from the room, appalled at his temerity.

THE little millionaire said nothing: A couple of hours passed. Beaverbrook turned to his secretary. "Get Faithful on the phone."

A few minutes later Beaverbrook was growling: "Hallo . . . is that you Faithful?" He waited some seconds and then, in tones straight out of a Victorian melodrama, he asked: "So you're going to le-eave a poor old man, eh?" A long pause. "Just when he is beginning to go blind."

Faithful, an emotional man, was nearly in tears. "No sir," he murmured. And he didn't.

Talking back to the Old Man can be dangerous. But, a fighter himself, he recognizes spirit.

One of the most characteristic Beaverbrook incidents concerned a youth whom he employed to operate the telephone switchboard at Cherkley, his country house.

One day, after being given several wrong numbers Beaverbrook fairly blasted the boy. It was usual to ride out these storms. But the boy crammed on sail instead. "I don't care if you are Lord Beaverbrook," he shouted, almost crying. "You can't talk to me like that. I'm giving notice."

That evening the Old Man had a number of public figures down to dinner. He sent for the young operator. And introduced the lad to his guests, saying: "I want you to meet the only man in my organization who dares to tell me what he thinks of me." That was another one who didn't go.

HIS occasional monumental rages are luxuries. But they do happen.

Driving one day from Cherkley to visit his son in newly developed Surbiton, Surrey, it gradually dawned on Beaverbrook that the chauffeur was driving aimlessly.

They were lost.

"Stop the car," he snarled. He got out. Slammed his hat to the ground and jumped on it with rage.

"Now you go that way," he said to his secretary. And to the chauffeur: "Go the other way." And to them both: "*Find out the way.*" They found it.

He is a born journalist who drifted into the profession by way of politics and only because, as he frankly admits, he wanted to own a newspaper for propaganda.

So he bought a newspaper and built a tradition. Whether it will outlast him remains to be seen.

While he lives the tendency is to assume that it is still the Old Man's drive and constant coaxing and prodding of his executives that keeps his newspapers in their dominant position in a highly competitive business.

It is a business where references don't matter much. But for the next fifty years the best reference in the world for a newspaperman will be: "I worked for Beaverbrook."

A HOUSE LIKE THAT

(Continued from page 72)

Nina, that the portraits had not pulled their weight. Things had evidently not gone according to plan.)

His letters gradually became less frequent, shorter, less affectionate, till she almost equally longed to receive one and dreaded to read it.

It was not long before the engagement was broken off. Nina received a letter from Mrs. Brown expressing the relief this was to herself, since she had been "distressed by the lack of love."

She did not say on which side.

It was Nina's last term. She nearly had a nervous breakdown, and did badly in her finals. She felt that in losing Julian she had lost everything in the world she cared and hoped for.

"Pull yourself together," said her aunt. "I should have too much pride to let a man ruin my life. I never liked Julian. I cannot understand how a man can love a girl, and then cease to love her. I conclude therefore that he never did love you."

Aunt liked to face facts. How comfortless.

Then came an echo of Mrs. Brown. "It's no use at all getting engaged to a boy with a career to make when neither of you has any money. Certainly not one with the absurd ideas of young Brown. What you want is a man with an established position. Someone who will take care of you."

In the end it all happened just as Aunt might have planned. The broken heart was never mended, but Aunt knew nothing of that. Nina had married, and married, she reflected, very well. She had not been in love with John, but she had been honest with him, as she always tried to be honest with herself.

"The straightest woman I know," her husband once said of her admiringly. He certainly was the kindest man she had ever known, and they had been quietly happy together.

If life had deprived her of much, it had also given her much, she thought. Unlike Julian, she had worn well. She was, as she knew, still a pretty woman.

She looked round the room. It was charming. The house was certainly the best in the neighbourhood. She looked through the window at the terrace, the lawn, the trees in the park.

"*He says,*" *Mrs. Smith had reported, "that yours is the sort of place he would like to have.*" » »

EVE'S HOSTESS OVERALL

No need to look as though you *are* wearing an overall . . . this one, designed like a dress, is in nylon. Fashion points to note: pleated shoulder line, full skirt giving freedom of movement, concealed front fastening and cleverly styled pockets. In stock and outsizes in turquoise, blue, pink, white, black, maroon and grey. £2 19s. 6d., including postage. From "Eve" Overalls, M. Ley, 4 Shaftesbury Avenue, Kenton, Middlesex. (*An EVE exclusive*).

They go ahead on

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the bread with added protein

NUTREX is good for you because it has a higher proportion of PROTEIN and a lower proportion of starch. But it is not only that. Everybody *likes* NUTREX. It has a delicate, natural flavour. It makes simply delicious toast and, because it stays fresh for so long, NUTREX is perfect for sandwiches. Tomorrow, don't just ask for bread—ask for NUTREX.

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the liqueur of the ***Apricot***

Made by

MARIE BRIZARD

who also make the perfect Creme-de-Menthe-liqueur of the mint!

FOOD FORUM

by

Mary Steel

Soup cubes? "Mais non!" says the Chef

UNDER his chef's cap, René Métivier's Latin face looked mildly hurt. The scene: London's famous Criterion, where gold-medallist René spends his working life.

I went there to discuss the heart-warming subject of soups with a man who can make more than one hundred of them. And the two words responsible for René's disapproval were "soup cubes."

"You housewives use them too much. The flavour—it is not the same. Real stock is always the basis of the best soups."

☆ ☆ ☆

I decided to put René's opinion to the test. Two batches of his favourite *Potage Parisien*—one with stock made according to my own adaptation of René's expert method, the other using my favourite Swiss-made beef cubes. My husband's verdict: the stock-made soup wins hands down.

(I'm still going to use cubes when I am in a hurry, however.)

With plenty of time, stock is quite easy to prepare. Buy some good beef and veal bones, and if you have a chicken carcase as well, so much the better.

Cut an onion in half and fry in a thick pan with a smear of fat—just sufficient to stop the onion sticking. When it is well coloured, put the onion together with one or two carrots into a saucepan with the bones, add water and seasoning and simmer for as long as possible.

René suggested a minimum of twenty-four hours. I settled for six. And a pressure cooker would reduce the time even further.

On no account add turnip to your stock—it sours very quickly, which makes it unsuitable for soup-making. But if you like it, add a little garlic to the stock pot together with a bay leaf or two and a little chopped thyme.

Carefully strained, this white stock forms the basis for a whole repertoire of soups. If it is to be kept more than a day or two, it can be reboiled to make it safe for further use. Always cool rapidly with the lid off the saucepan.

Fortified with raw minced beef and egg whites this simple stock makes excellent consommé. The egg whites clarify the stock, which should be strained and served piping hot. Allow half a pound of minced beef and two egg whites to a gallon of stock.

If you want this soup to look a little more exciting, try *consommé aux oeufs filés*. While the soup is simmering add a whisked egg, beating vigorously all the time. Result a clear soup decorated with thin threads of spun gold.

Very close to René's heart is a good *Potage Parisien*. This is a leek and potato soup using stock. Stew the finely chopped leeks in a little butter, always remembering to use some of the green part, which looks particularly pretty in the finished soup.

Add diced potato and stock and simmer until the vegetables are soft. Just before serving add a little of the top of the milk and a knob of butter. This soup should be fairly thick with vegetables.

At home René is not the only cook in the kitchen. His Spanish wife, Teresa, makes a wonderful version of the French *pot au feu*, using pork in addition to the usual beef and veal.

☆ ☆ ☆

All sorts of vegetables go in, including chick beans—and little Spanish sausages which can be bought at speciality food stores in this country. The final hot savoury mixture is a top favourite with René and their three children. One last tip. I thicken cream soups with flour and butter. But chefs know that both cream of rice and arrowroot can be used with equal success.

And neither of these imparts that unpleasant floury flavour which sometimes mars a cream soup.

It need not be expensive to plan

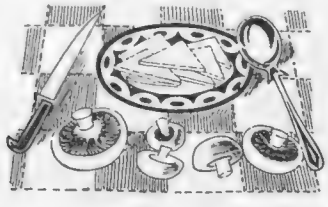
A Continental Evening

says Jeuella Fogarty

If you are expecting four or five guests to dinner, and are not quite sure of their tastes, why not take a tip from Lady Fogarty. Plan a Continental Evening. Soup followed by Roulade Nest, say, for the main course, and a bottle of wine to create a Continental atmosphere. Such an evening need not strain the housekeeping budget. For with Maggi to take care of that difficult first course and help with the others, the Continent comes to your kitchen for no more than a few shillings.

THAT CONTINENTAL 'LIFT'

Soup served with buttered toast makes a wonderful start to any meal, but when the main course is Roulade Nest, what can introduce it better than Maggi Mushroom! Like all Maggi Soups it is made from an exclusive Continental recipe. That is why Maggi Soups are one of the best kept secrets of many famous chefs throughout Europe; why you can't compete with Maggi.



TWELVE EXCITING FAVOURITES

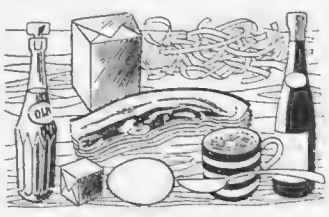
Maggi Soup can be bought in twelve wonderful varieties. Each one is different, deliciously different, from any other soup you have ever tasted. Another thing about Maggi Soups — they are simple to prepare. For six ample servings, you just add the contents of a 1/6d packet to boiling water, bring to the boil and simmer for 8 to 10 minutes. Voilà — all the natural goodness and flavour that ordinarily comes from six to seven hours' slow simmering, captured and ready to serve in a matter of minutes, as only Maggi know how!

ROULADE NEST

This dish requires a little extra care but your guests will agree it was worth the trouble.

1 tablesp. Olive Oil or fat
1 teasp. Cornflour
1 teasp. Tomato purée
1 box Maggi onion soup
½ cube Maggi chicken bouillon
½ lb. Noodles
1 egg yolk
Red wine or vinegar to taste
8 rashers bacon
2 teacups minced cooked turkey and sausage (with stuffing)
½ pt. Water

Fry Cornflour with one heaped teaspoonful of Maggi onion soup powder in oil lightly. Add tomato purée, ½ cube chicken bouillon and ½ pint water. Stir well and keep hot. Mix turkey and rest of Maggi onion soup powder (adding mixed herbs if no stuffing is available), bind with egg yolk and a little water. Form into 8 small rolls the width of the bacon rashers and roll one in each rasher. Tie with cotton or secure with half a cocktail stick. Place in tomato sauce, cover well and cook 20-30 minutes. Stir in a little red wine or a dessert-spoonful vinegar for extra flavour. In the meanwhile: cook egg noodles for 5 minutes in boiling water, rinse and drain well. Fry until crisp and golden in slightly smoking deep fat. Drain and set on a hot dish. Hollow out the centre, serve the roulade and sauce in the hollow. Garnish with carrot rings and peas.

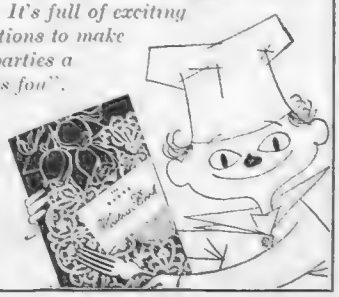


WINE FOR THE TABLE

A Hock is an excellent choice with Roulade Nest — try a Forster Jesuitengarten or a Liebfraumilch Blue Nun, or a White Chianti served at room temperature — not as cool as the Hocks.

MAGGI HOSTESS BOOK

Why not write to Dept. M204, The Nestlé Co. Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex, for the new 'Maggi Hostess Book'. It's full of exciting suggestions to make your parties a "succès fou".



MAGGI EXTRA SOUPS

Bring the Continent into your kitchen

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¼ oz. £5.10.6 ½ oz. £8.18.0 1 oz. £13.16.0 2 oz. £24.0.0

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A super quality 3 & 4 ply in ravel-free balls.

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Fine 3 ply pure wool. "Cellophane" wrapped.

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Fine 3 ply in ravel-free balls.

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3 ply. 90% wool for warmth. 10% Nylon for wear.

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3 ply pure wool soft spun, in 34 shades.

"SUSAN"
4 ply pure wool.

From wool shops throughout the country. Central London: Gamages of Holborn, London, E.C.1.

If any difficulty write to: J. W. LOWETH & SONS LTD., Pingle Mill, Fuller Street, Leicester. Established 1855.

Torpedo wools are best for needles and knitting machines

GARDEN FOR YOUR KITCHEN

(Continued from page 78)

been stopped by repeated pinching can be cut away entirely to leave a clean stem.

After that, the plant will develop a good bush at the top of the stem. It is important, of course, to keep the stem firmly staked.

Here are a few suggestions about varieties of fruit to choose. The recently introduced raspberries "Malling Exploit" and "Malling Jewel" seem to be gaining favour upon their forerunner "Malling Promise," which we found tended to die out on heavy clay soil after a year or two.

The gooseberry we like best is "Lord Elcho," a large, very smooth, thin-skinned green berry, but this is not very easy to buy. "Leveller," and "Whinham's Industry" are two other varieties that do very well with us.

If you are planning an orchard, standard trees are all right, but where space is limited, cordons are the most economical and easy to prune, spray, and pick. Buy them as maidens, plant them 2 feet apart, sloping at an angle of 45 degrees, with each stem tied to an 8-foot bamboo cane, which in its turn is tied firmly on to three parallel wires stretched between posts.

Let the main stem grow, and prune the side shoots back to six leaves in summer, and to two buds in winter. In their third year, they will bear fruit.

Of apples, "Irish Peach" ready in August, "Kerry Pippin" and "Worcester Pearmain" for September, and, of course, Cox's Orange Pippin."

Good cookers that flourish in almost any garden are "Lord Derby" and "Lane's Prince Albert."

Of pears, "Louise Bonne de Jersey," "Conference," and "Jargonelle" are reliable varieties, and if I was limited to one or two plums, I would grow the old "Victoria" and some of the gages such as "Ouillin's Golden Gage."

HAPPY SNOW JUMPERS

(Continued from page 27)

Next row: Cast on 22 sts. for back neck, p. from holder 24 sts. of left shoulder. Work straight in st.st. 10 ins. (45 rows). Mark each end of row with coloured thread, to indicate start of armhole. Work 5 (9) rows. Dec. each end of next and every following 12th row until 64 sts. Work 12 rows straight.

Next row: Change to No. 5 needles, join in c.c. and in st.st. work 4 rows. Change to m.c. and work 12 rows. Change to c.c. and work 4 rows. Change to m.c. and work 3 rows in k.1, p. 1 rib. Cast off in rib.

SLEEVES (2)

With No. 1 needles and right side facing, pick up and k. 66 sts. evenly between coloured armhole markers.

Next row: With c.c. and beg. with a p. row, work 3 rows in st.st. Change to m.c. and work 2 rows. Dec. each end of next and every following 4th row until 34 sts. remain. Work 6 (10) rows straight, until work in 15½ (16½) ins. from beg. of sleeve. Change to No. 5 needles and k. 1, p. 1 for 14 rows. Cast off in rib.

COLLAR

With right side facing and No. 5 needles, k. 22 sts. off holder thus: k. 2, make 1 st. by picking up strand between sts. and k. it. Repeat along row until last 2 sts., k. 2 (32 sts.). Turn.

Next row: K. 1, p. 1 rib for 16 sts. Turn. Cont. ribbing on these 16 sts. for 50 rows, ending at centre edge (10 ins.). Work should now measure up to back neck. Put sts. on holder. Do not break off wool.

Join another ball of wool to front neck and work other side to match, ending at shoulder edge. Break wool, put sts. on holder.

Sew up ribbing to sides of neck opening, with an oversew stitch to produce a flat seam, to about 1 row from the top. Then with right side facing, starting at centre front where ball of wool is hanging, cont. ribbing across 16 sts. from first holder. Then pick up and work in rib 32 sts. across back neck, finally rib across the 16 sts. on last holder. Cont. working in rib on these 64 sts. for 24 rows. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Sew side and sleeve seams in oversew stitch to give a flat seam. Sew up neck opening for 4 ins. Sew down pocket linings, and darn in ends. Embroider with white wool the contrast bands in herringbone stitch.

Press well with damp cloth.

[Ski pants and boots, Harrods; silk scarf, Austin Reed; skis, Moss Bros.; "Chunkynit," in all shades, Dickins & Jones, London, W.1]

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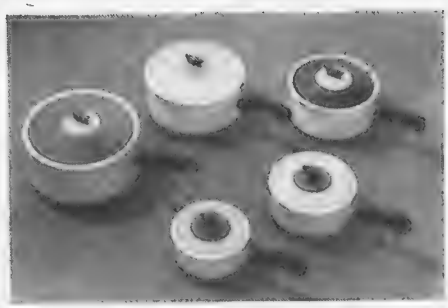
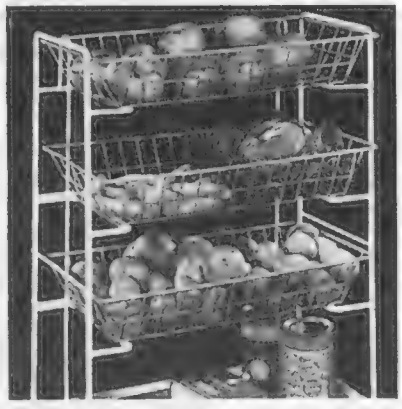
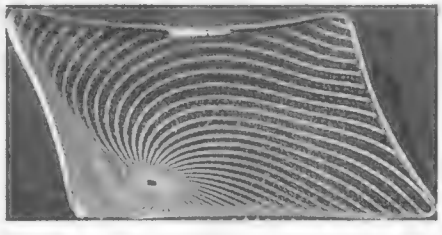


Rainbow kitchens: easy when you get a set of Jury Jetware saucepans. Made from porcelain enamel, the interior is absolutely scratchproof. 1¼-pint costs £1 13s. 6d; 6-pint, £2 8s. 4d. From Harrods, S.W.1

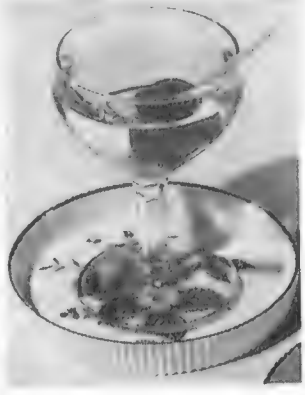


For those with storage problems: Celebrity rack stands or hangs and is rust-resistant. The baskets are detachable. In two-colour schemes, including white/red, white/primrose. Costs £3 7s. 6d. From all large stores

In the balance: indispensable to any kitchen—or any good cook. Harper scales are accurate, light to use and weigh up to 4 lb. in ounces. The plastic pan is scoop-shaped for easy pouring. In cream and green finish. Cost £2 3s. 3d. From Gamages, E.C.1



Glass ashtray with a difference—it's only 4s. 11d.! In clear glass, slightly curved, with a "swirl" design running across it. From Selfridges, London, W.1



Polished surfaces need not suffer . . . Royal Worcester porcelain coasters come in boxes of four with four designs from which to choose. In our photograph we show the "flower" set. Cost £2 2s., a box. From leading West End stores

THE FLOODS OF FEAR

(Continued from page 68)

directly overhead at an elevation of perhaps five hundred feet. The motor sound lifted, bellowing at full throttle, and the plane climbed steeply away. A wing dropped and the plane banked to come back for another pass.

"They seen us!" Peebles said. "They seen us."

☆ ☆ ☆

Tom Sharkey came into the police-station slowly; hatless and lanky, a bone-tired man, a scarecrow in borrowed clothes. He carried a rifle, the muzzle pointed carefully toward the ceiling.

"We spotted them," Sharkey said. "They're on an island, five or six miles downstream."

A field telephone rang; the superintendent answered it. "Good! Fine! And get this, Jack. Tell 'em they're going out again, right now. A man named Sharkey will be down to tell them what I want. They're to do what he says to do." He hung up.

"You're in luck," he told Sharkey. "The Bonnie K is our best tug, and she just tied up at Higby's dock. Two of my boys are aboard to give you a hand."

Sharkey went aboard the Bonnie K with something like forty-five minutes of daylight remaining. The skipper and pilot was in the wheelhouse, waiting. He was a young man, still in his twenties. Shadows of weariness darkened his deeply tanned face.

"You name it, pops," he said to Sharkey, "and I'll take you there—if there's so much as dew on the grass."

"Down-stream—fast."

DONAVAN searched the sky and found only a lonely hawk, far to the north. The sun was well down, hidden by heavy clouds that were edged with yellow fire. The plane had not returned. No boat had come from Lebannon.

"This is crazy!" Peebles said. "This is askin' for it!" He came to stand before Donavan, craning his neck up like an angry rooster. "I say let's cut out of here now!"

"When it's dark," Donavan said. "Or when we see a tug coming from Lebannon."

Elizabeth was sitting on the gunwale of the beached boat. She lifted her head to look at Peebles.

"I had enough of bein' pushed around," he said. "I can take just so much, and that's all." He was talking to Donavan. "It's time you and me got things straight.

"I'm stickin' with you, Donavan. And now I'm gonna tell you why. I know where you're goin', an' I know what you're figurin' to do. An' I say don't be such a fool.

"The day they put you in a cell with me, I think, What's with this guy? So I put it on the grapevine: 'Find out about this Donavan.' The way it winds up, I know more about what happened to you in West Mills than you do."

DONAVAN looked at him steadily, silently.

"Don't believe me, eh?" Peebles said. "So listen. You and this Jack Murphy were partners. You got a big construction outfit—yours to begin with, and you took Murphy in. So you and this Murphy's wife are real friendly. It came out at the trial she was more like your wife. And that when she tries to give you the brush, you blew your top and killed her.

"All right. Who was it the prosecution had to make their case? It was Murphy and a private detective, J. C. Hallock."

Quietly Donavan said, "That was the way it went."

"Now tell me something," Peebles said. "Who is this J. C. Hallock? Need a guard to watch your payroll? He'll fix you up. Investigation, tracing, tailing—you name it, he'll do it. Sure, sure. But what else is he? You don't know, do you? But I know. Johnny Hallock's a contact man—one of the boys. Want to blow a safe in West Mills? Want to knock over a jewellery store? Show up with the right references, and Johnny'll finger the job for you—floor plans, burglar alarms, everything—and that's the guy that sends you up."

Sharply Elizabeth said, "What do you mean?"

"What did I say?" Peebles asked. "I said this Murphy and this Hallock turned up on your boy friend here. He didn't kill nobody. But they hung it on him real tight."

[READ ON NEXT MONTH]

In EVE's recent guide to cake and pudding mixes, the price of the Mary Baker Fruit Cake Mix was incorrectly given as 1s. 10d. The price of the mix is 2s. 4½d.

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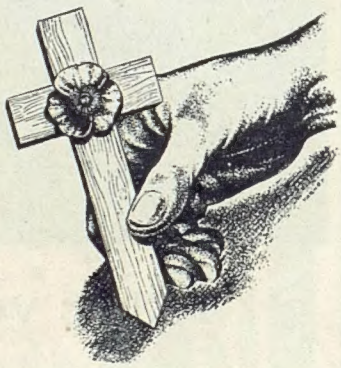

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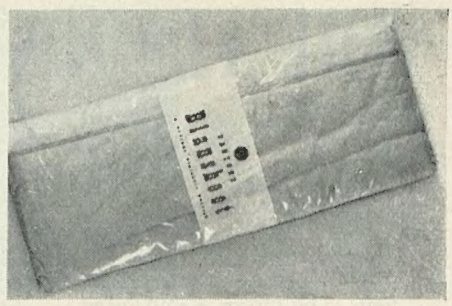
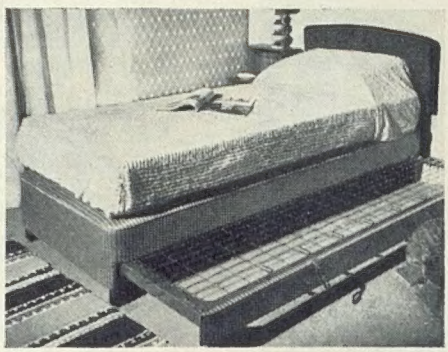
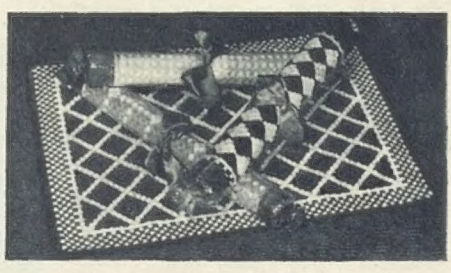
Winter warmth: nothing could be nicer than snuggling down into Vantona Blan-sheets. They are beautifully soft to the touch and will not irritate the skin. Available in white, blue, green, rose and peach. Cost £1 12s. 6d., 70 in. by 108 in.; £2 2s. 6d., 90 in. by 108 in. From Waring & Gillow, W.1

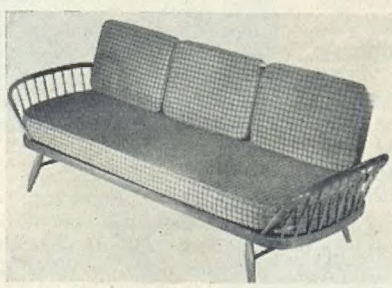




No room for guests? Solve the problem with this divan bed, the "Two-Up." A sprung base is concealed under the main base which pulls out to make that extra bed. Both mattress and base are fully sprung. Costs £19 2s. 6d. From William Perring, London, W.8

With Christmas just around the corner: Everwear have put bathmats into a cracker pack. Easily washed, bliss to step on. In many designs and colours, including Italian Pink, Emerald and and Royal. Cost £1 5s. 11d. From Selfridges, London W.1





About change . . . newest piece in the Ercol range is this studio-couch. The back support releases to convert it into a full size single bed. Has a Vita-foam foam rubber mattress and is covered in a selected range of contemporary tapestries. Costs £59 6s. 6d. From Harrods, S.W.1

Competition for him! Ronson have just brought out the "Lady Ronson electric shaver," pretty to look at, perfect to use. One side of the blade is for legs, the other for underarms. In pale blue, a diamond giving a luxury touch. Costs £5 17s. 6d. From most large stores

1.11.56

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